

# Detective COMICS

10¢





# SWELEGANT IS THE WORD FOR IT!



A BRAND-NEW COMIC MAGAZINE  
FILLED WITH BRAND-NEW FEATURES  
BY YOUR FAVORITE ARTISTS

10c  
AT ALL  
NEWS  
STANDS

## DETECTIVE COMICS

VINCENT A. SULLIVAN  
*Editor*

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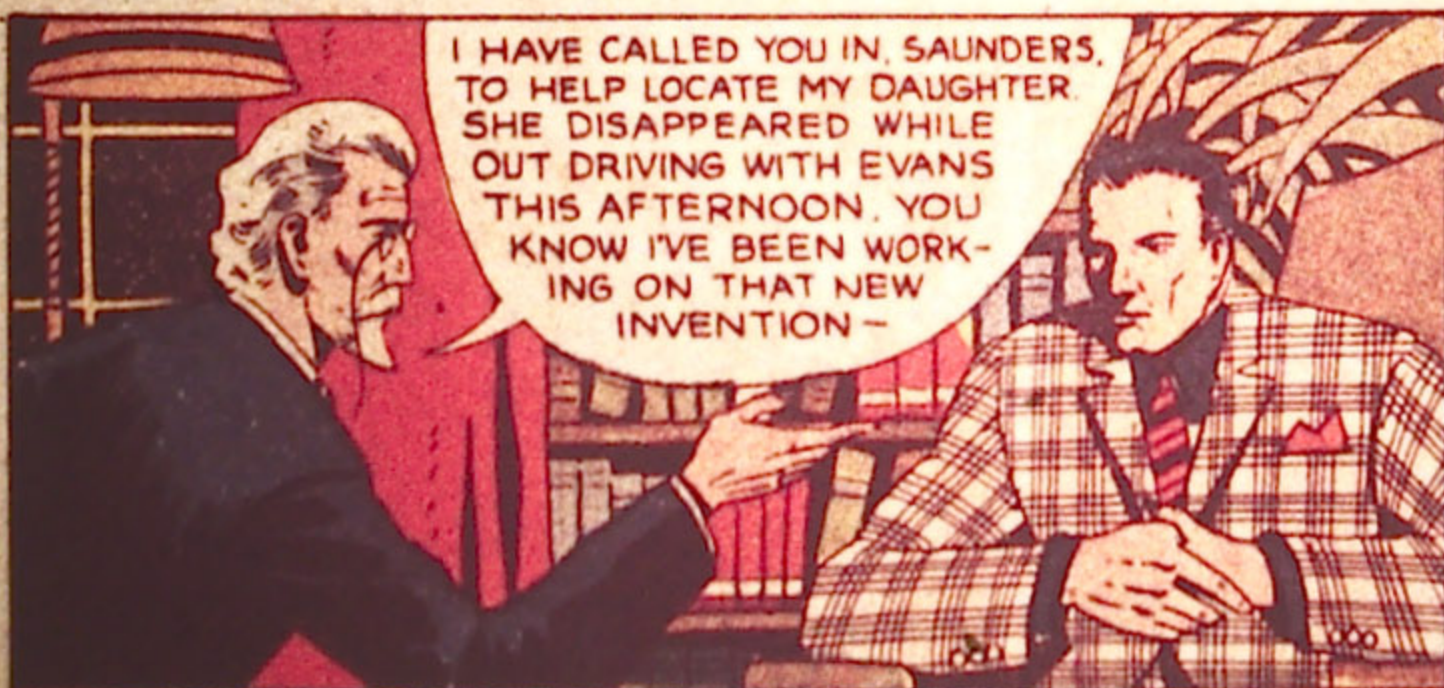


# **SPEED SAUNDERS**

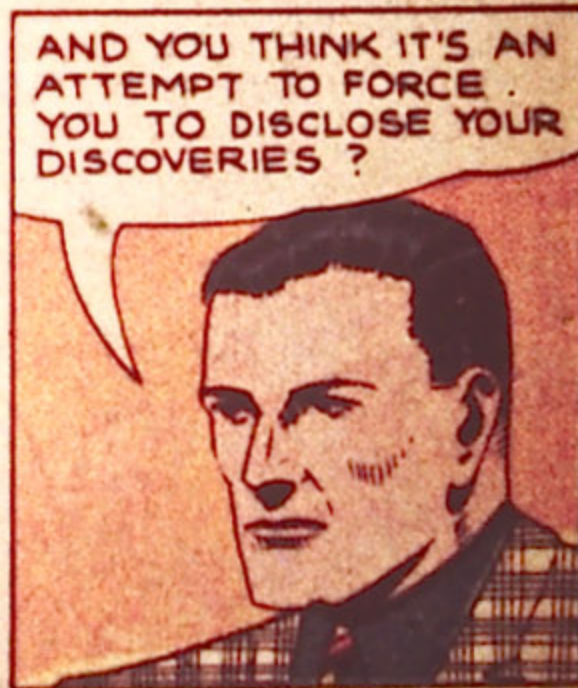
ACE INVESTIGATOR  
AND THE

## **SNAKE DEATH**

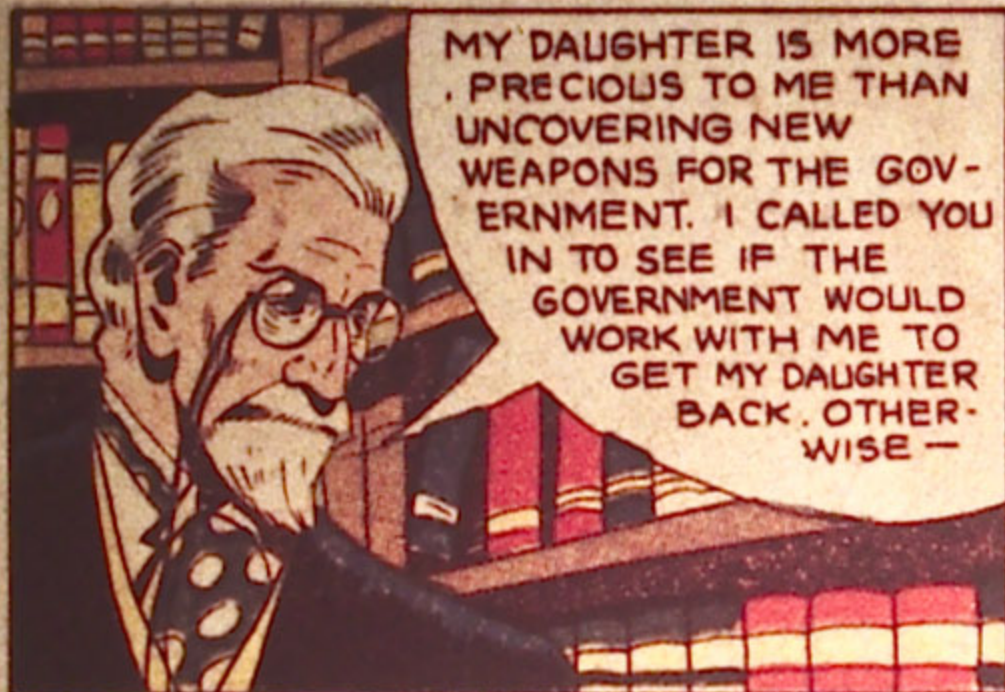
by **FRED GUARDINEER**



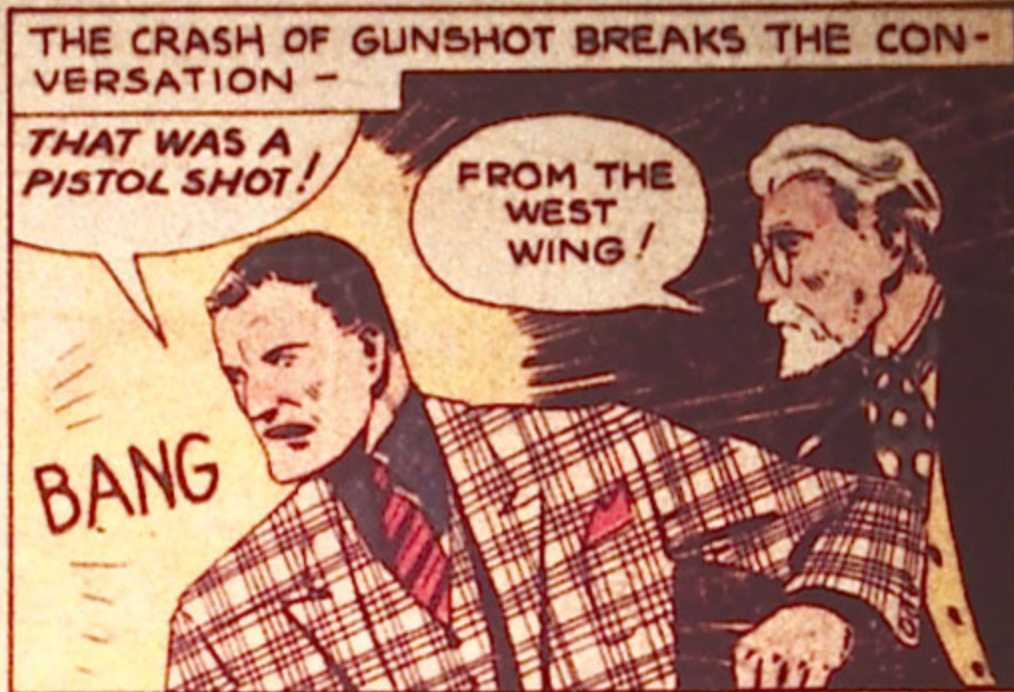
I HAVE CALLED YOU IN, SAUNDERS, TO HELP LOCATE MY DAUGHTER. SHE DISAPPEARED WHILE OUT DRIVING WITH EVANS THIS AFTERNOON. YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THAT NEW INVENTION -



AND YOU THINK IT'S AN ATTEMPT TO FORCE YOU TO DISCLOSE YOUR DISCOVERIES?



MY DAUGHTER IS MORE PRECIOUS TO ME THAN UNCOVERING NEW WEAPONS FOR THE GOVERNMENT. I CALLED YOU IN TO SEE IF THE GOVERNMENT WOULD WORK WITH ME TO GET MY DAUGHTER BACK. OTHERWISE -



THE CRASH OF GUNSHOT BREAKS THE CONVERSATION -

THAT WAS A PISTOL SHOT!

FROM THE WEST WING!

BANG



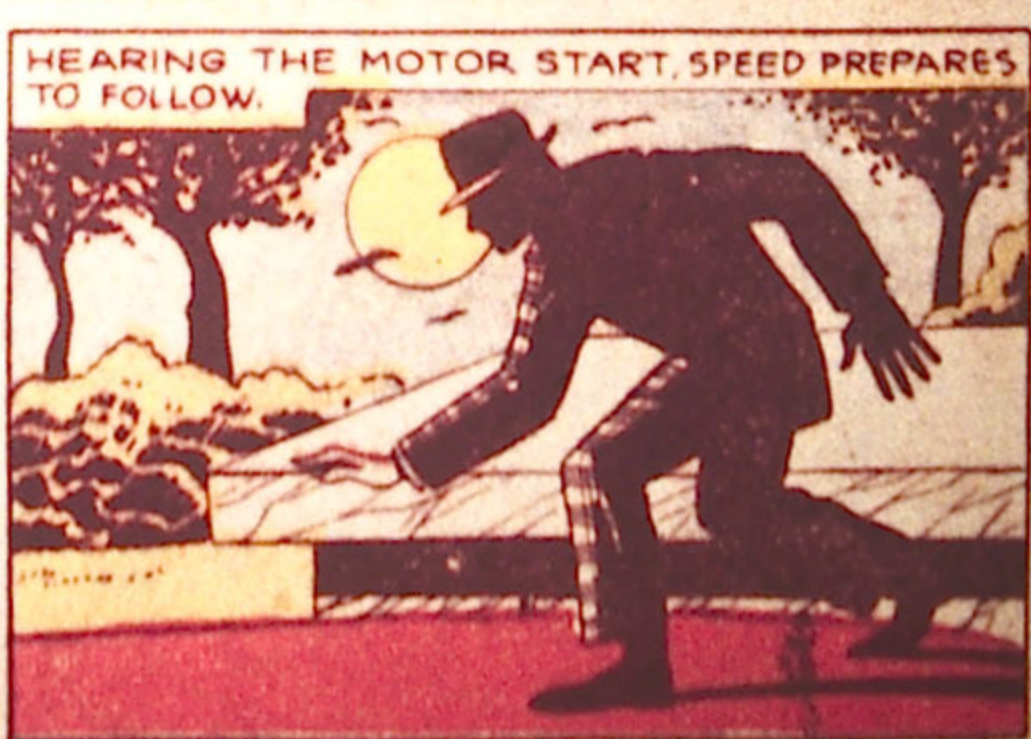
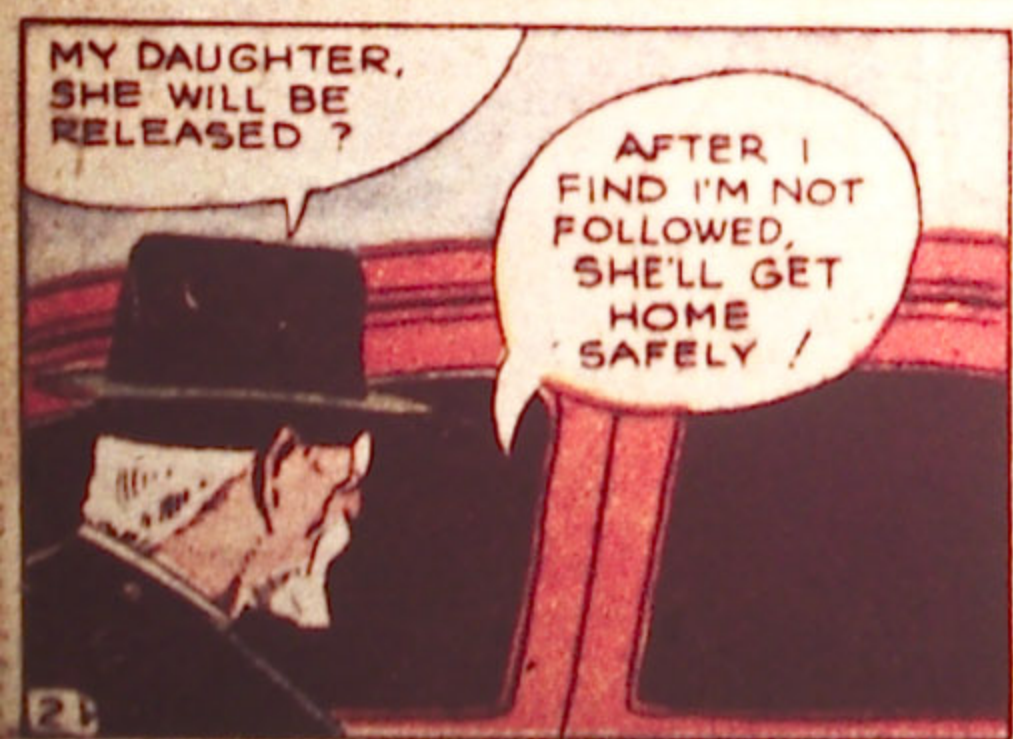
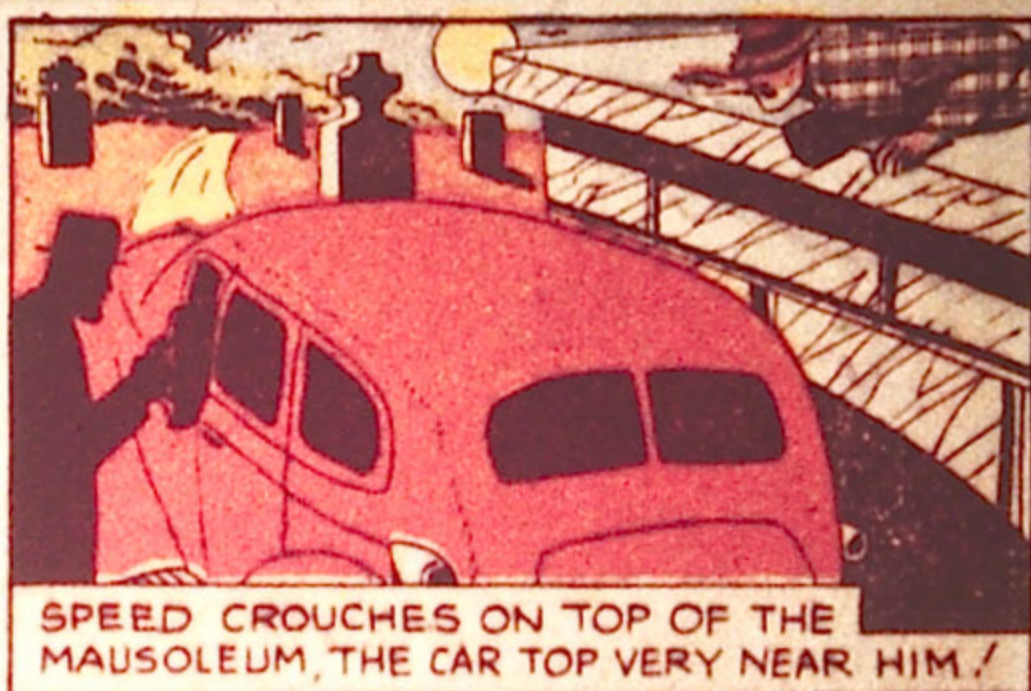
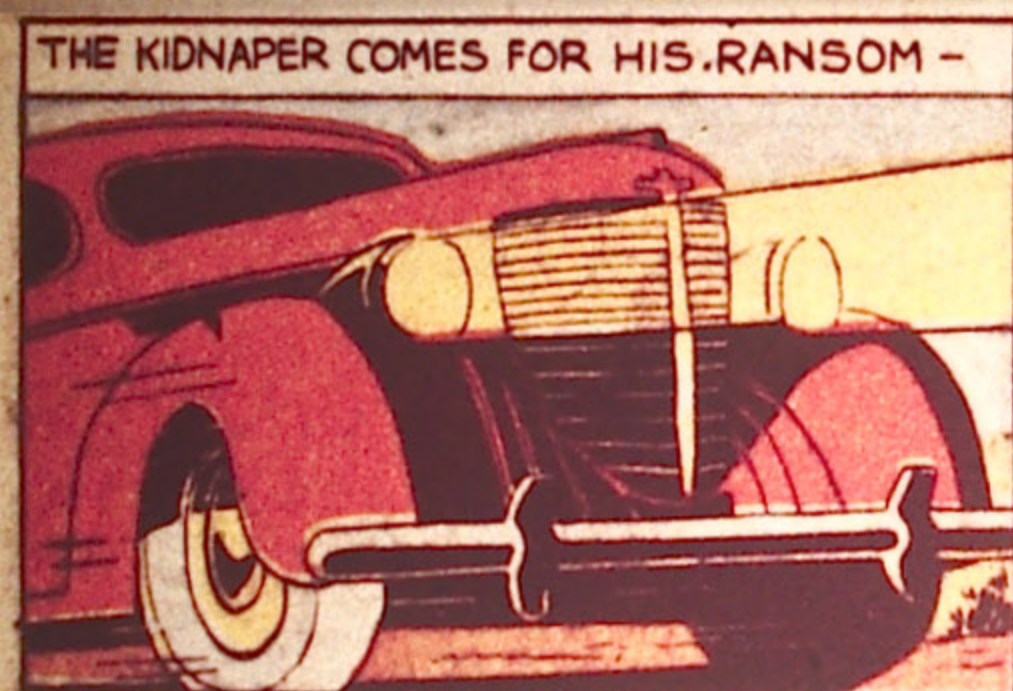
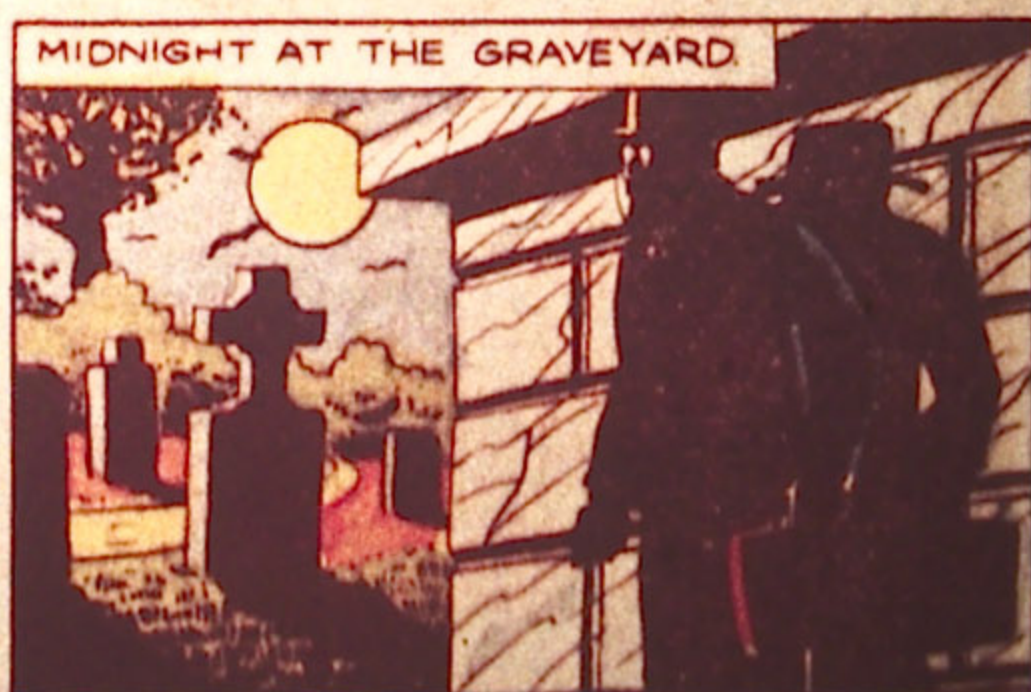
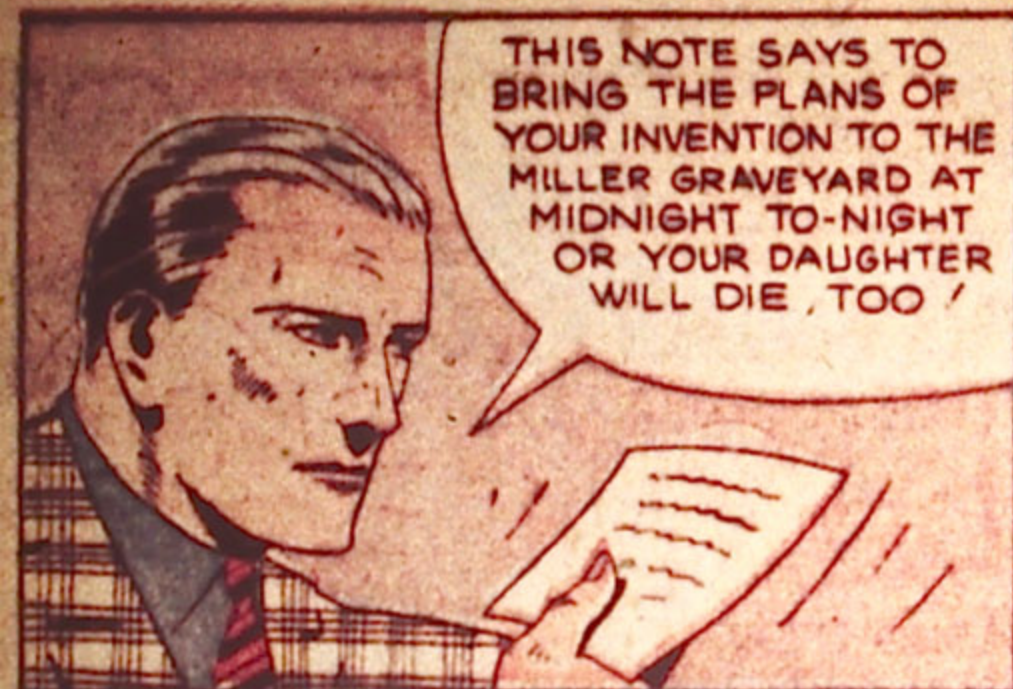
IN A SEPARATE CORNER OF THE HOUSE -



IT'S EVANS, MY CHAUFFEUR - HE'S BEEN MURDERED!

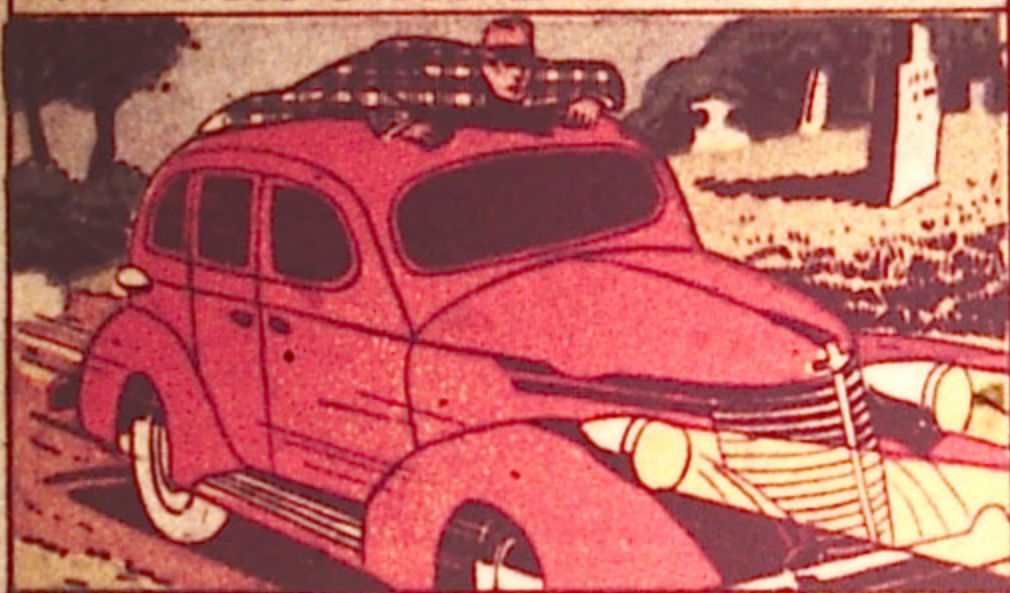
THERE'S A NOTE!







THE CAR SWEEPS OUT OF THE GRAVEYARD  
WITH SPEED CROUCHED ON ITS TOP —



BOY, WHAT  
A TRIP / LOOKS  
LIKE NO-MAN'S  
LAND UP  
HERE!



AS THE MACHINE STOPS AT THE BRINK OF A HUGE  
CHASM THE DRIVER STEPS OUT WITH THE PLANS.



TYING THE BRIEFCASE TO A LONG  
ROPE FASTENED TO AN OVERHANG-  
ING LIMB, THE MAN LETS IT  
DROP TO HIS COMPANION  
WAITING IN THE GORGE  
BELOW.



SPEED HIDES IN THE BUSHES  
AS THE MAN DRIVES AWAY.

THEY MADE THEIR  
PLANS WELL-HOW  
AM I GOING TO  
GET ACROSS  
THAT SHEER  
DROP?



IF I COULD  
GET HOLD OF  
THAT ROPE!



SPEED CLIMBS OUT ON THE BRANCH AND  
GRASPS THE ROPE —

IF I EVER  
FALL NOW —  
THOSE OWLS  
WILL HAVE  
DETECTIVE  
SOUP!



THAT WORKED—  
HERE GOES  
NOTHING!





THE DETECTIVE DESCENDS TO THE LONELY CABIN-



AND LANDS ON THE MOUNTAIN TERRACE.



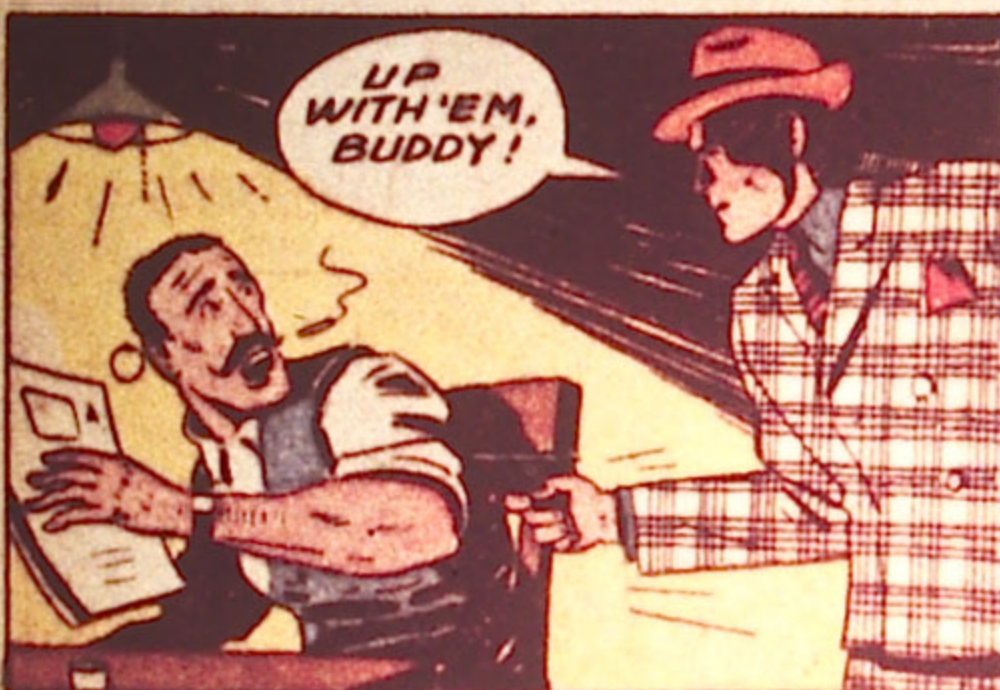
THAT MUST BE THE KIDNAPER IN THERE WITH THE INVENTOR'S PLANS.



THIS IS A CINCH - I'LL GET HIM WITH THE GOODS!



UP WITH 'EM, BUDDY!



YOU'VE GOT A SWELL HIDEAWAY, BUT -



ME GOT 'UM!

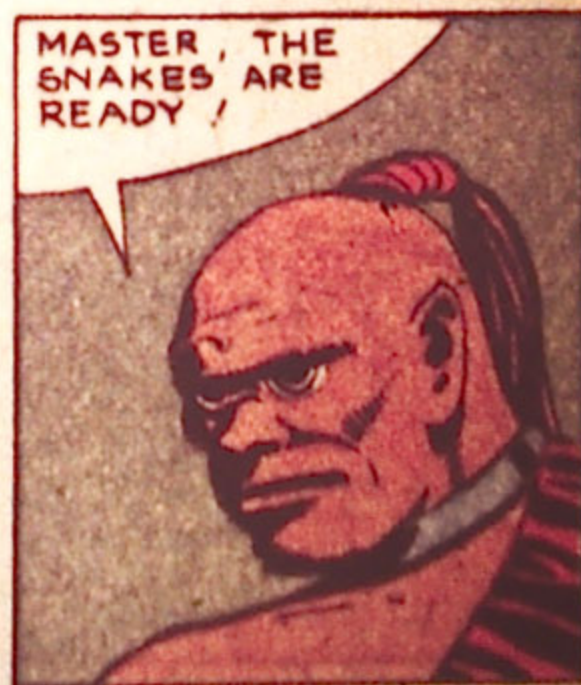
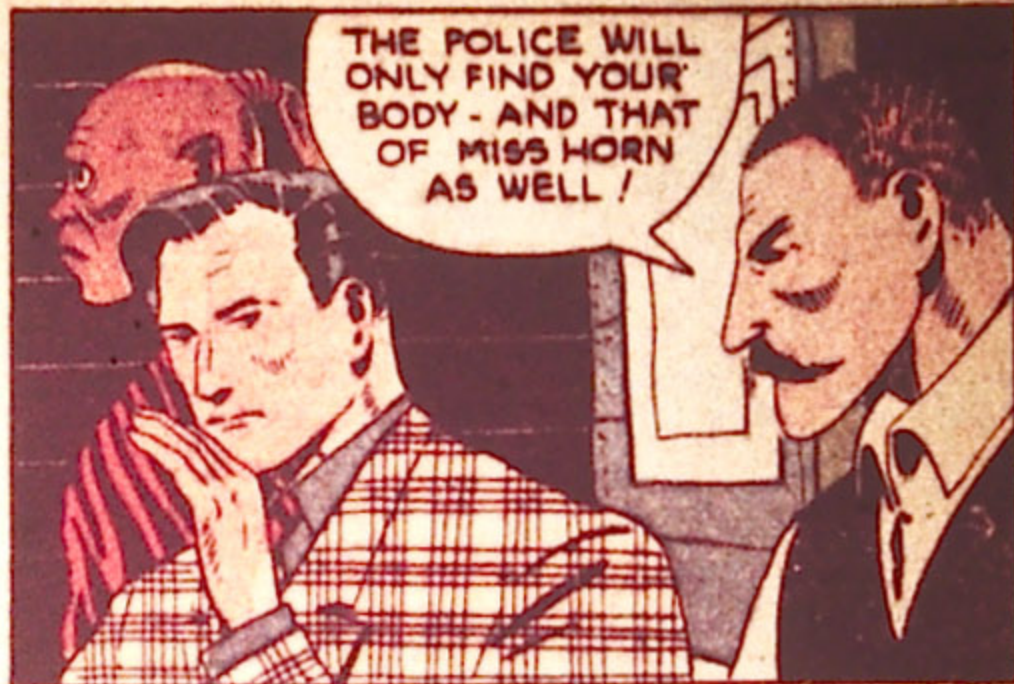
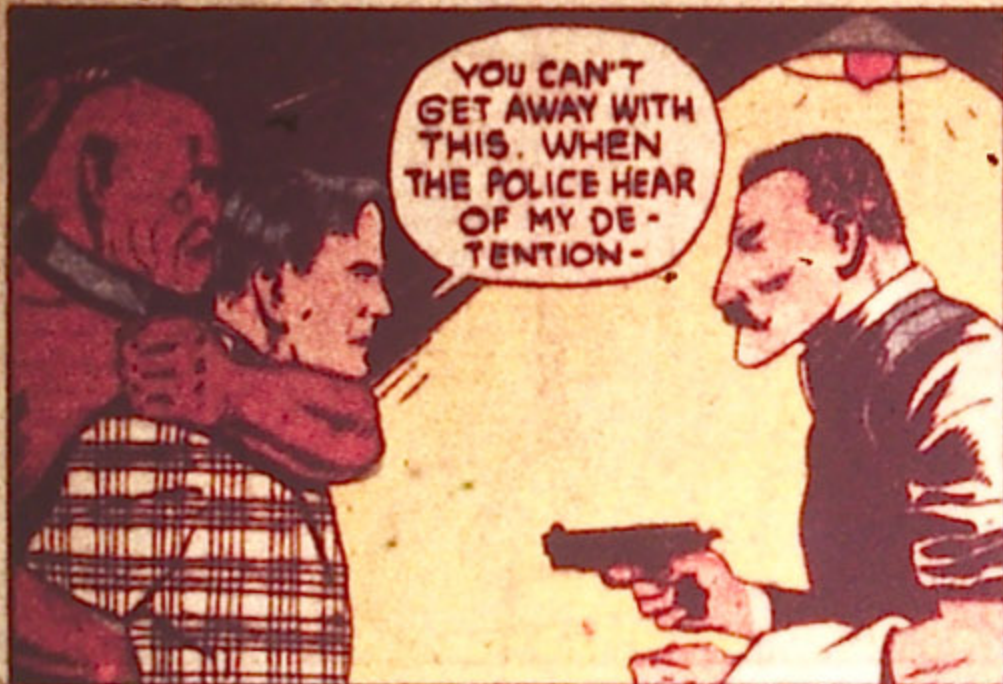
GOOD WORK, PERCY!



YOU DIDN'T THINK I WOULD BE UNPROTECTED, DID YOU, SPEED SAUNDERS? YES, WE KNOW YOU WERE WORKING WITH MR. HORN ON THIS CASE. I COMPLIMENT YOU ON FINDING US, THOUGH!



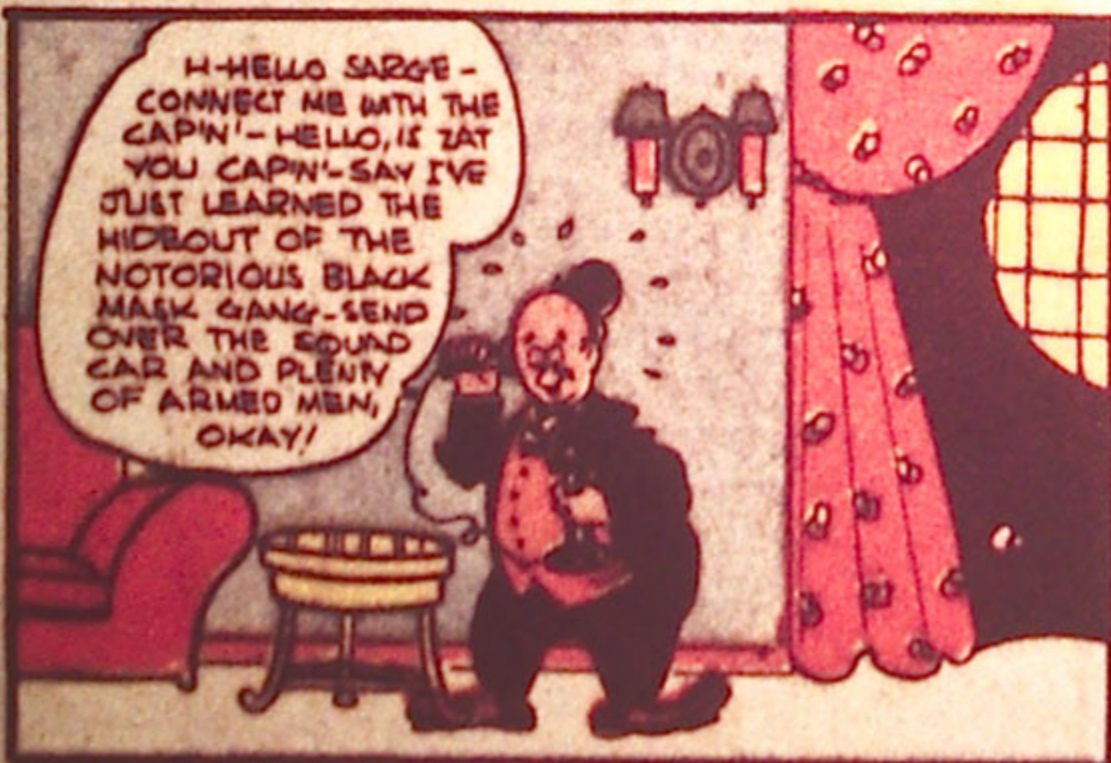
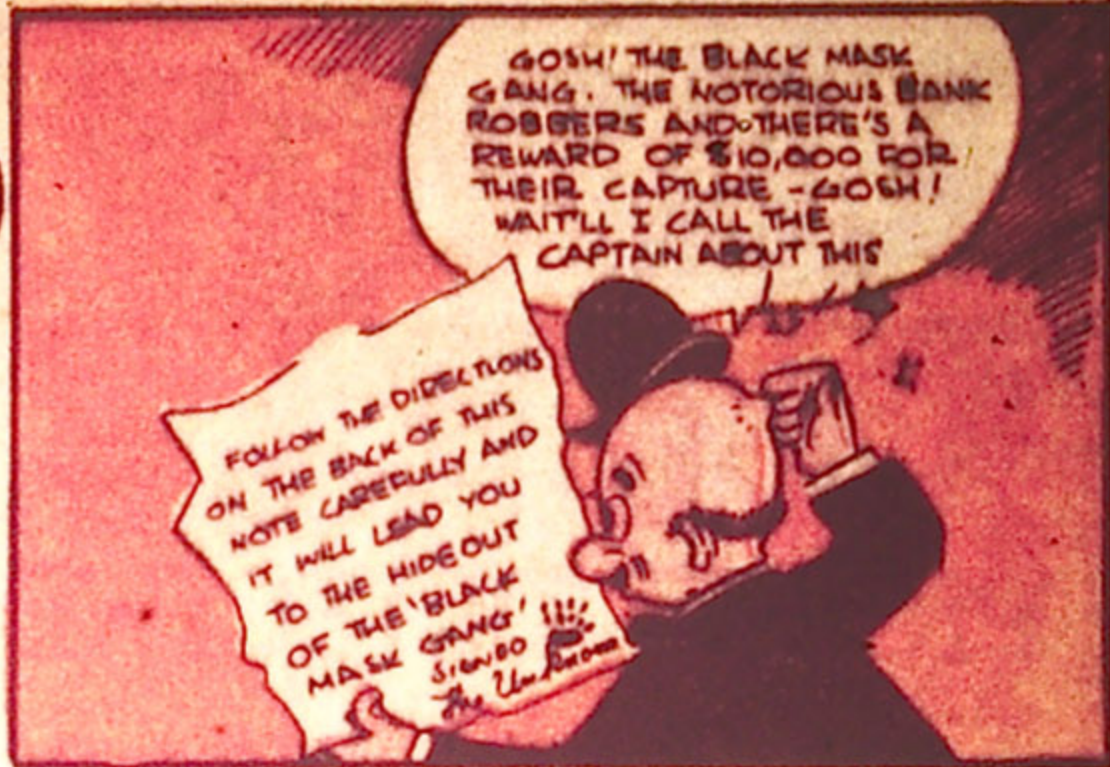














# LARRY STEELE

## PRIVATE DETECTIVE

by Will Ely

MR. STEELE, THERE'S  
A MR. GRAHAM FROM  
HOLLYWOOD TO SEE  
YOU--

BILL GRAHAM! SEND  
HIM IN!



BILL, YOU OLD PASCAL!  
WHAT ARE YOU DOING  
IN NEW YORK?

HOW ARE YOU, LARRY?  
I'M HERE ON BUSINESS--



I'M GOING UP TO THE COAST  
OF MAINE TO LOOK OVER AN  
ABANDONED CASTLE--  
I WANT TO USE IT FOR  
LOCATION ON A PICTURE  
WE'RE GOING TO SHOOT--  
IF YOU CAN SPARE THE  
TIME, I WISH YOU'D RUN  
UP WITH ME--



SOUNDS GOOD! I NEED  
A VACATION--I'LL PACK  
AND WE CAN START IN  
THE MORNING--



AFTER AN EARLY START LARRY AND BILL ARRIVE AT  
THE PLACE THE FOLLOWING EVENING--



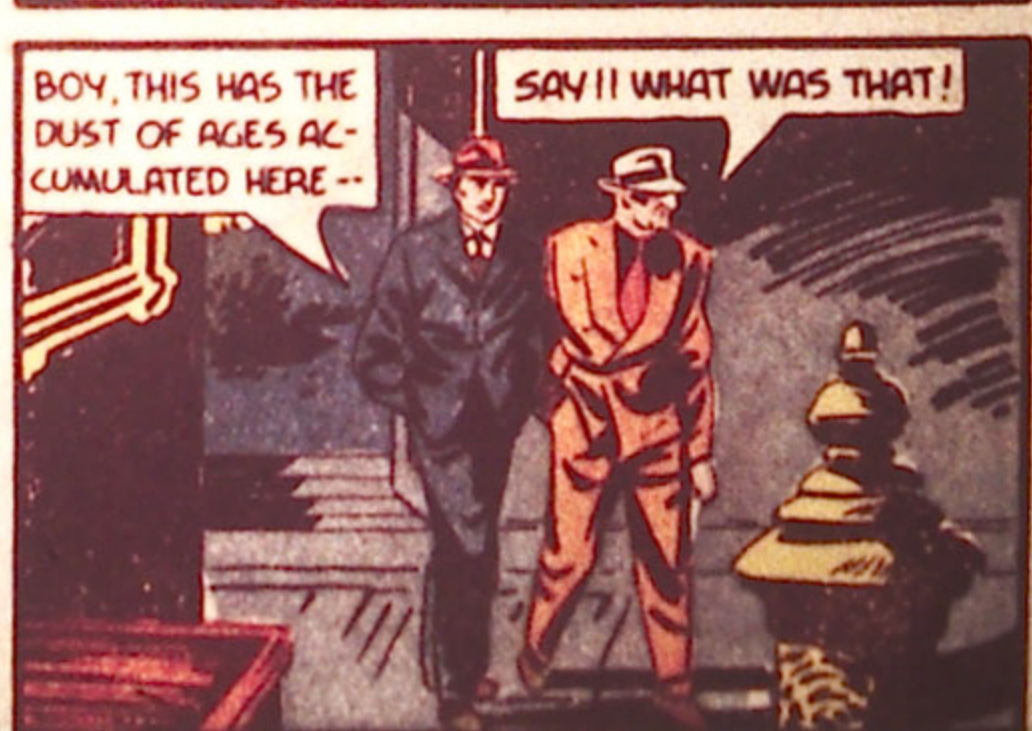
SO, THIS IS  
YOUR CASTLE--  
LET'S LOOK  
HER OVER--

SPOOKY LOOKING  
JOINT-- ISN'T IT?



BOY, THIS HAS THE  
DUST OF AGES AC-  
CUMULATED HERE--

SAY!! WHAT WAS THAT!





THE DOOR JUST BLEW SHUT- THERE'S A STORM COMING UP-

IT'S TOO DARK TO EXPLORE NOW- LET'S COME BACK IN THE MORNING-



HURRY- IT'S BEGINNING TO RAIN-

I'LL SAY- SURE BLEW UP SUDDENLY!



WHAT'S THE MATTER HERE? SHE WON'T START!

THAT'S PLEASANT IN THIS WEATHER-



WELL I'LL BE -- SOMEBODY'S BEEN MONKEYING AROUND HERE!

WHAT IS IT, LARRY?



SOMEBODY'S SWIPED MY DISTRIBUTER!

HMM-- LOOKS LIKE SOMEONE WANTS US TO HANG AROUND!



WE'LL HAVE TO BUNK IN HERE, I GUESS-

I THINK WE'D BETTER TAKE TURNS AND WATCH- SOMETHING'S WRONG HERE!



SAY, LOOK HERE!

THERE'S BEEN A FIRE! THE STOVE'S STILL HOT!



AT THAT MOMENT A FRANTIC SCREAM RINGS OUT- UP STAIRS- COME ON!





LOOK! A LIGHT  
AT THE END OF  
THE HALL!

TAKE IT EASY! THIS MAY  
BE A TRAP!



LARRY, A GIRL'S  
IN THERE!

SHE'S TIED UP!  
COME ON!



HOW'D YOU  
GET HERE?

STICK 'EM UP!



SO-A TRAP!

I'M SORRY-THEY  
MADE ME DO IT-  
BE CAREFUL-  
THEY'RE DANGEROUS!



THEY'VE KIDNAPPED ME-  
AND YOU BROKE IN ON  
THEIR HIDE OUT -

SHUT UP, SISTER!



WHO ARE YOU  
TWO PUNKS?

WHO'S ASKIN'?



SEARCH 'EM, TONY!  
I'LL KEEP 'EM COVERED!



LOOK, AL, ONE'S A HOLLYWOOD  
BIG SHOT-THE OTHER'S LARRY  
STEELE, THE DETECTIVE -

YEAH? WELL, WE'LL  
HAVE TO RUB 'EM  
OUT!



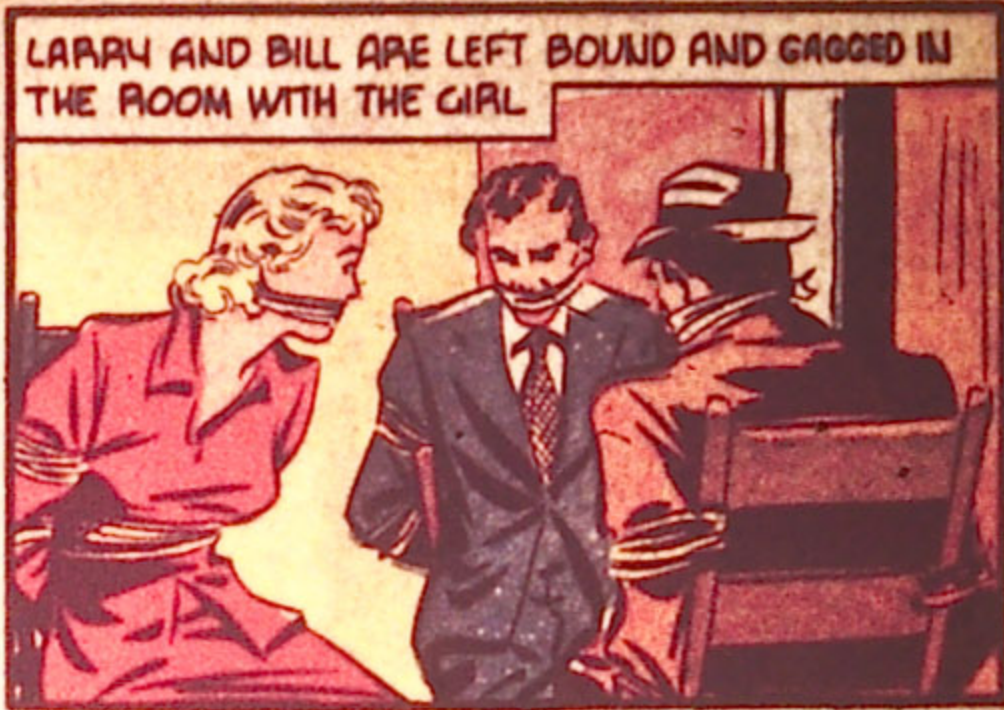


BETTER WAIT TILL THE  
BIG BOSS SEES 'EM—

O.K. TIE 'EM UP!



LARRY AND BILL ARE LEFT BOUND AND GAGGED IN  
THE ROOM WITH THE GIRL



AFTER A TIME LARRY FREES HIMSELF OF HIS GAG—



HE THEN LOOSENS BILL'S BONDS WITH HIS TEETH



NOW UNTIE  
THE GIRL—



WHO ARE YOU  
ANYHOW?

I'M VERA SANDERS—THOSE GANGSTERS HAVE HAD ME  
PRISONER HERE FOR THREE DAYS— THEY WANT RANSOM



WE'VE GOT TO GET YOU  
OUT OF HERE! HOW MANY  
OF THEM ARE THERE?



THREE ALL TOGETHER

WHEN WILL THEIR  
BOSS BE BACK?

I EXPECT HE'S HERE NOW—





THIS DOOR'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE, BUT I HAVE A PLAN-

WHAT WILL YOU DO?

HELP ME PIP UP THESE BLANKETS- WE'LL MAKE A ROPE

DO YOU MEAN TO SCALE THE OUTSIDE WALL! IF YOU SHOULD FALL YOU'D PLUNGE INTO THE SEA!

NOW LOOK- I'LL GO TO THE WINDOW BELOW- ENTER- SNEAK UP THE STAIRS AND LET YOU OUT-

O.K. LARRY, BUT BE CAREFUL!

BOY! WHY DID IT HAVE TO PICK TONIGHT TO HAVE A CLOUDBURST!

AH! MADE IT!

SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE DRINKING DOWN STAIRS- I HOPE THEY DON'T HEAR ME!

LARRY RELEASES THE BOLT AND FREES VERA AND BILL-

GOOD! YOU MADE IT!

VERA, IS THERE A BACK WAY OUT OF HERE?

THERE WAS, BUT THE STAIRS HAVE CRUMBED- WE MUST USE THE FRONT ONES-



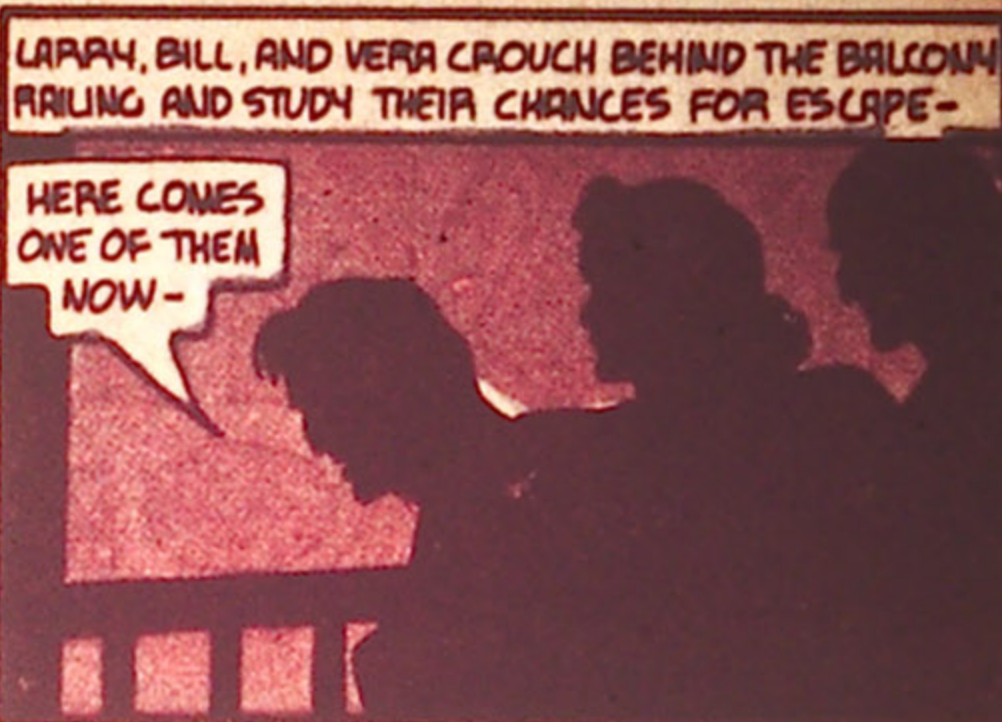
HEY, TONY, GO UP  
AND SEE HOW THOSE  
MUGS ARE -

O.K. BOSS -



LARRY, BILL, AND VERA CROUCH BEHIND THE BALCONY  
RAILING AND STUDY THEIR CHANCES FOR ESCAPE -

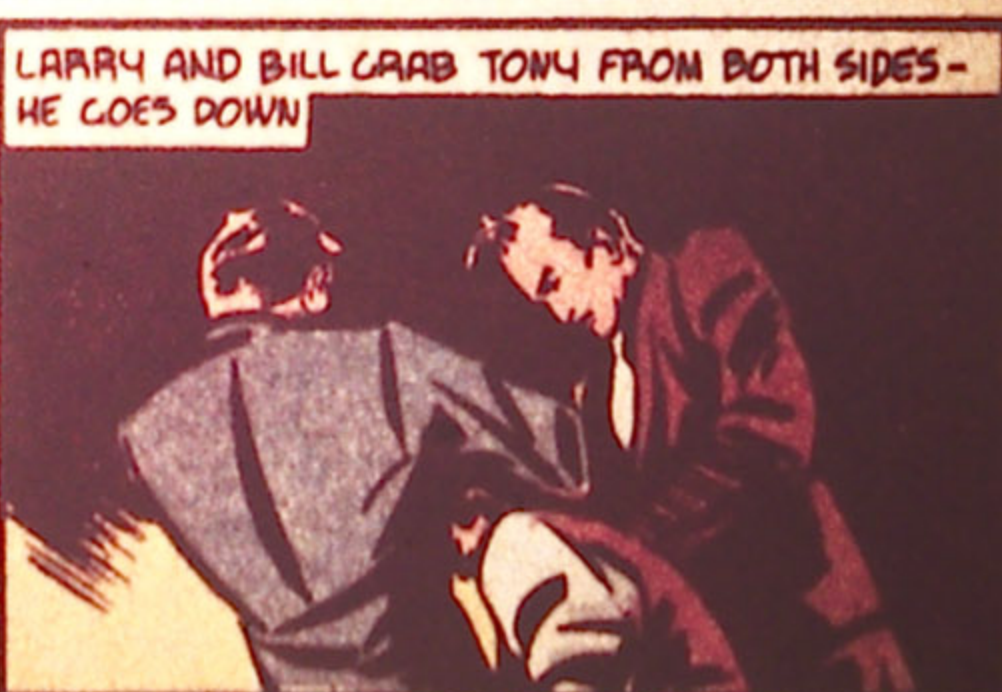
HERE COMES  
ONE OF THEM  
NOW -



HE'S DRUNK, TOO! KEEP BACK,  
VERA! BILL, YOU AND I'LL TAKE  
CARE OF HIM AND GET HIS GUN.



LARRY AND BILL GRAB TONY FROM BOTH SIDES -  
HE GOES DOWN



WHAT'S GOIN' ON!

THEY'RE LOOSE !!



THE GANGSTERS OPEN FIRE - BILL RETURNS IT WITH  
HIS CAPTURED WEAPON -



ONE OF 'EM'S DOWN!  
RUN FOR IT !!



BUT, AS THEY CROSS THE DINING ROOM, SUDDENLY A  
TRAP IS RELEASED BY THE BOSS WHICH OPENS UNDER  
THEIR FEET AND THEY PLUNGE DOWN - - -



TO BE CONTINUED -





# COSMO, THE PHANTOM OF DISGUISE

♦ ♦ ILLUSTRATED BY SVEN ELVEN ♦ ♦

VON RUYTER HAS, AFTER TWO YEARS OF RELENTLESS WORK FINALLY REALIZED HIS GOAL.



THE EXPLOSIVE GUN WITH A FEW GRAINS OF THE CHEMICAL DISINTEGRATES TENS OF TONS OF ROCK.

GADS! THIS WILL PROVE TO BE THE MOST TERRIBLE WEAPON IN THE WORLD. IT CAN MAKE OR BREAK CIVILIZATION.



A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION FOLLOWS A DIRECT HIT.



HE INTERESTS THE HEADS OF THE WAR DEPARTMENT.



IT SOUNDS FANTASTIC, VON RUYTER, BUT I'M WILLING TO BE SHOWN. LET US TRY IT OUT ON TESTING GROUNDS.



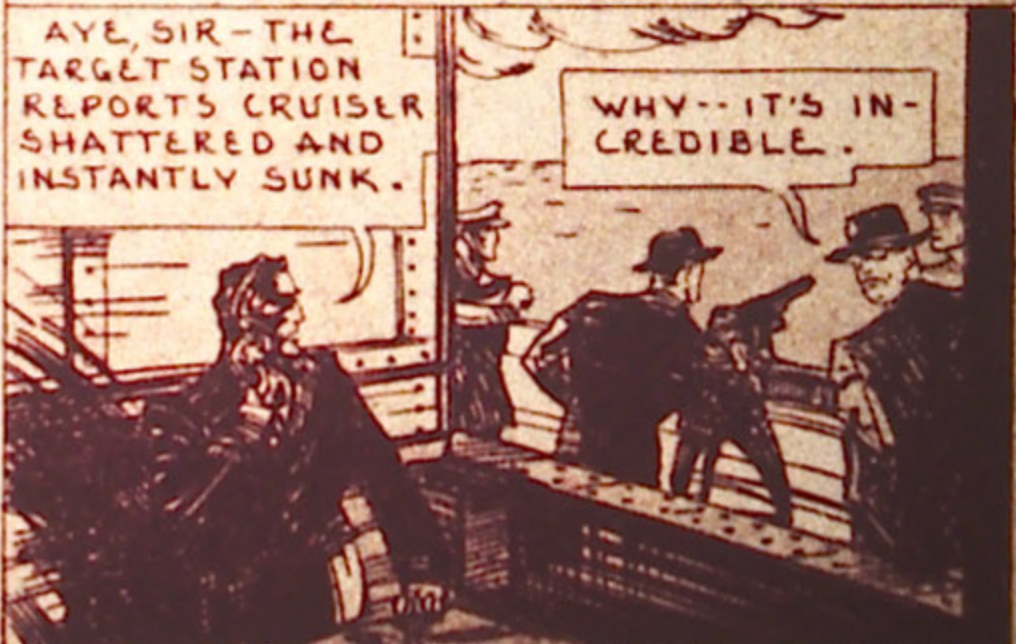
THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS A 125 MILE RANGE AND THE TARGET A 10,000 TON CRUISER.

WHY OUR LARGEST GUNS WITH THOUSANDS OF TONS OF SHELL ARE ONLY BEAN-BLOWERS IN COMPARISON TO THIS TOY

AT THE WAR OFFICE.

AYE, SIR - THE TARGET STATION REPORTS CRUISER SHATTERED AND INSTANTLY SUNK.

WHY - IT'S INCREDIBLE.





NOW, VON RUYTER, WE WOULD LIKE TO INSTALL A BATTERY OF THESE GUNS ON A KEY ISLAND IN ONE OF OUR PACIFIC POSSESSIONS.

ONE OF THE FOREIGN POWERS ARE ESTABLISHING A NAVAL BASE WITHIN A HUNDRED MILES OF THIS SPOT AND WITH A SUPERIOR NAVY WILL MENACE THAT PART OF THE WORLD. - THEIR FORM OF GOVERNMENT IS ONE OF THE MOST DESTRUCTIVE THREATENING OUR WORLD TODAY.

I FREELY OFFER MY EFFORTS IN THE INTEREST OF PEACE AND HUMANITY, SIR.

I AM AT YOUR SERVICE.

VERY WELL, VON RUYTER, WE ENTRUST TO YOU THE PLANNING OF THE FORTIFICATION. YOU WILL HOLD ONE OF THE MOST RESPONSIBLE POSITIONS IN THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT WITH THIS TASK. GUARD THE SECRET WITH YOUR LIFE.

THE YOUNG ENGINEER, WITH TWO NAVAL ASSISTANTS SAILS FOR THE ISLAND TO STUDY THE SITE.

THIS WOULD BE A NICE TRIP IF IT WERE LESS DANGEROUS.

BOSH! VON, AS THREE HARMLESS BOTANISTS WE'LL NOT AROUSE MUCH CURIOSITY.

HM! I MIGHT KNOW A PALM IF I SEE ONE

THEY SPEND MANY WEEKS SURVEYING AND GATHERING NOTES.

SHUCKS! THERE GOES ONE OF THE NOTES DOWN THE GULLY. NOW WE'LL HAVE TO DO THAT ONE ALL OVER AGAIN.

THE TASK COMPLETED THEY AGAIN TURN HOMELWARD.

VON RUYTER REPORTS AT THE NAVY DEPARTMENT.

YOUR PLANS SOUND EXCELLENT, RUYTER. DRAW UP THE BLUE PRINTS AS FAST AS YOU CAN. ALSO INCLUDE THE GUN AND THE EXPLOSIVE FORMULA.

YES, SIR.

LATE INTO THE NIGHT THE YOUNG ENGINEER WORKS OVER THE PLANS.

AT LAST - IN A FEW MORE MOMENTS AND I'M DONE.



SUDDENLY HE STARTS AT THE FEEL OF COLD METAL AGAINST HIS NECK.



DON'T MOVE, OR YOU'RE A DEAD MAN.

BEFORE RUYTER CAN COLLECT HIS WITS THE CLOAKED FIGURE HAS VANISHED WITH THE DRAWINGS.



I'LL ONLY TROUBLE YOU FOR YOUR INTERESTING DRAWINGS.

IN CONSTERNATION AND SICK AT HEART THE ENGINEER TUMBLES INTO COSMO'S APARTMENT.



VON RUYTER! -WHY, MAN, WHAT'S WRONG?

COSMO, OLD FRIEND, IF YOU DON'T HELP ME I'M LOST

COSMO AND THE ENGINEER ARE SCHOOL CHUMS OF OLD.

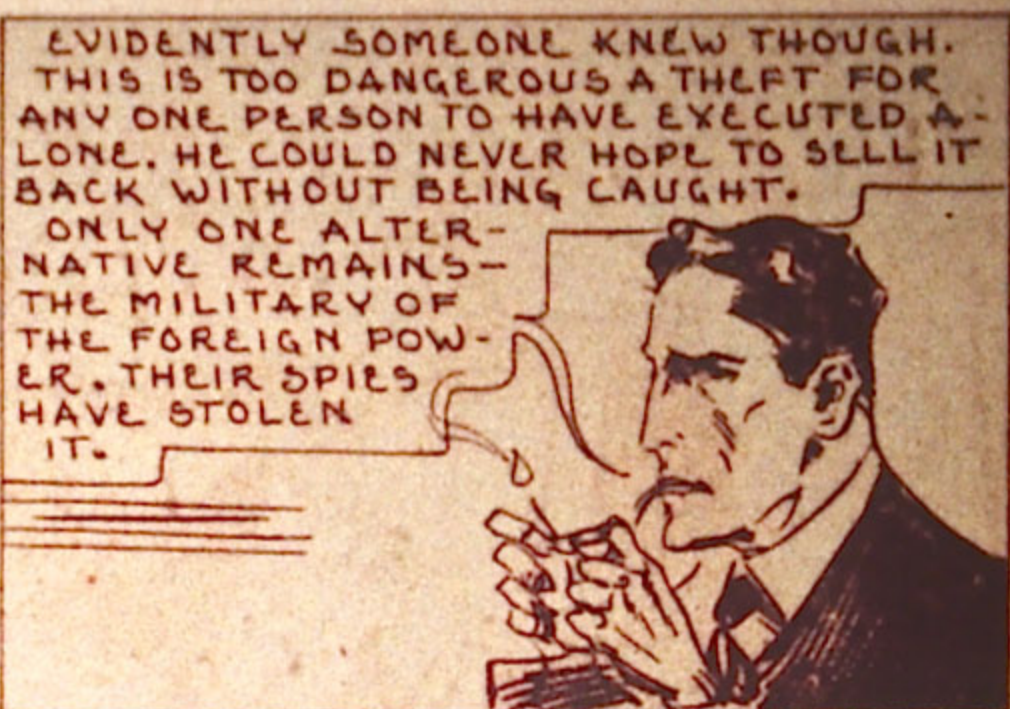
-SO YOU SEE COSMO, THE WAR DEPARTMENT WILL NEVER ACCEPT MY STORY. THIS MEANS COURT MARTIAL, PRISON, MAYBE THE FIRING SQUAD--



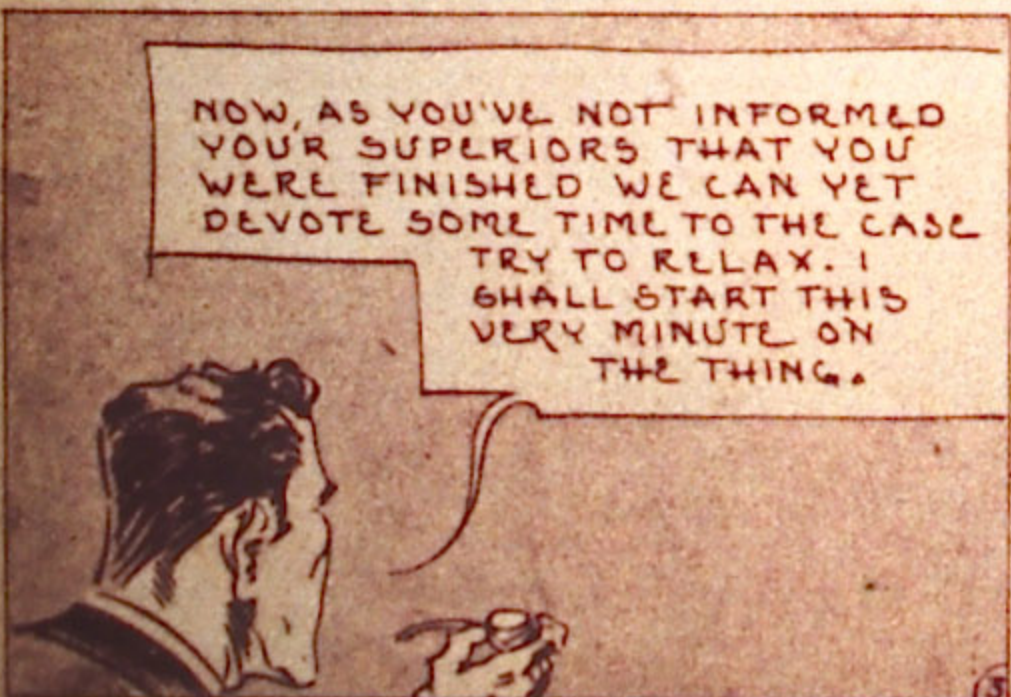
I'LL ADMIT IT LOOKS BAD



I HAVE NO IDEA HOW ANYONE COULD KNOW OF THIS COMMISSION BUT THE NAVAL CHIEFS AND MYSELF. I'VE SPOKEN TO NO ONE ABOUT IT. I CAN LOSE NO MORE NOW BY TELLING YOU



EVIDENTLY SOMEONE KNEW THOUGH. THIS IS TOO DANGEROUS A THEFT FOR ANY ONE PERSON TO HAVE EXECUTED ALONE. HE COULD NEVER HOPE TO SELL IT BACK WITHOUT BEING CAUGHT. ONLY ONE ALTERNATIVE REMAINS-- THE MILITARY OF THE FOREIGN POWER. THEIR SPIES HAVE STOLEN IT.



NOW, AS YOU'VE NOT INFORMED YOUR SUPERIORS THAT YOU WERE FINISHED WE CAN YET DEVOTE SOME TIME TO THE CASE TRY TO RELAX. I SHALL START THIS VERY MINUTE ON THE THING.



I'VE AN INVITATION TO THE GRAND BALL OF THE RUSSIAN LEGATION FOR THIS EVENING, WHAT COULD BE A BETTER PLACE FOR INTERNATIONAL SPIES AND PLOTS?

I'M AFRAID I'LL NOT REST A MINUTE TILL I HEAR FROM YOU, COSMO.



THE RUSSIAN LEGATION IS A WORLD OF  
SPLENDOR AND ELEGANCE. FOREIGN OF-  
FICERS IN GORGEOUS UNIFORMS, WOMEN  
OF RAVISHING BEAUTY - LAUGHTER, LOVE,  
INTRIGUE, BLENDED WITH THE BARBARIC  
RYTHM OF THE BALALAIKAS ---



COSMO ENTERS THE GREAT SALON IN  
COMPANY OF HIS FRIEND, DORRAIN, AN  
ATTACHE OF THE EMBASSY.

WELL, COSMO, WE'RE HERE.  
IT'S EVERY MAN FOR HIM-  
SELF NOW.



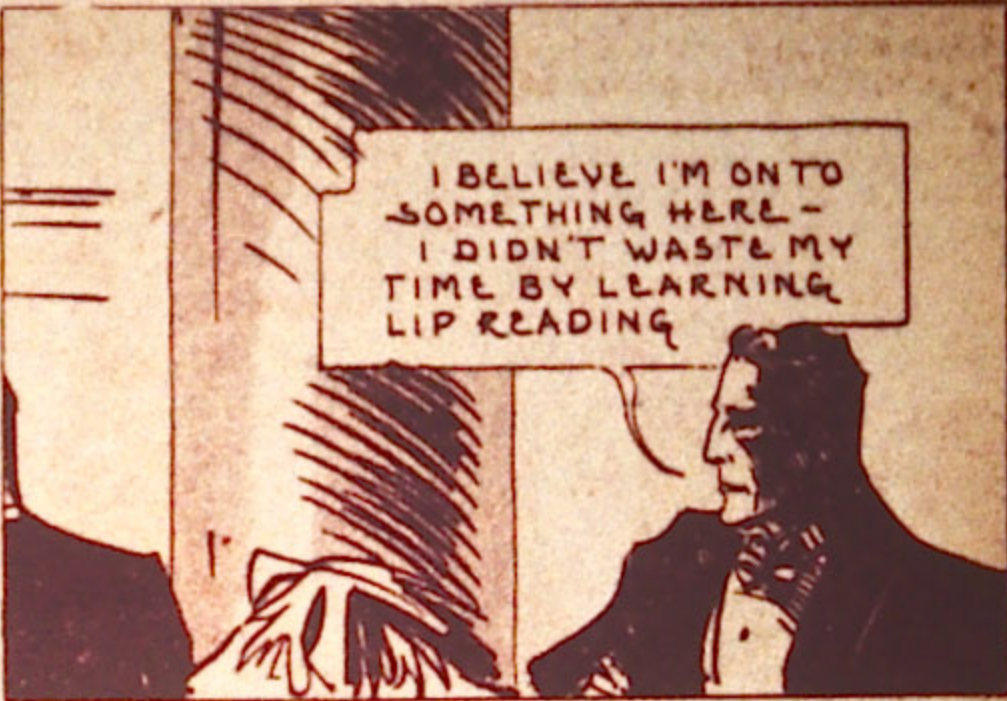
HA! WHO HAVE WE HERE--  
KOSLOFF; IF THERE'S ANY  
SPY WORK AFOOT HE'S  
SURE TO BE IN IT.



AS COSMO WATCHES, A TALL AND STUN-  
NINGLY BEAUTIFUL WOMAN ON THE ARM  
OF AN OFFICER PASSES KOSLOFF AND IN AN  
INAUDIBLE VOICE SAYS SOMETHING TO HIM.



I BELIEVE I'M ONTO  
SOMETHING HERE -  
I DIDN'T WASTE MY  
TIME BY LEARNING  
LIP READING



I'VE GOT TO TAKE  
A CHANCE AND  
ACT QUICKLY



HERE BOY, AS FAST AS  
YOUR LEGS WILL  
CARRY YOU DELIVER  
THIS LETTER TO  
THIS ADDRESS.





IN FEVERISH HASTE THE ENGINEER WITH THE PAGE BOY RUSHES TO HIS OWN QUARTERS, GATHERS UP SOME NOTES AND PAPERS

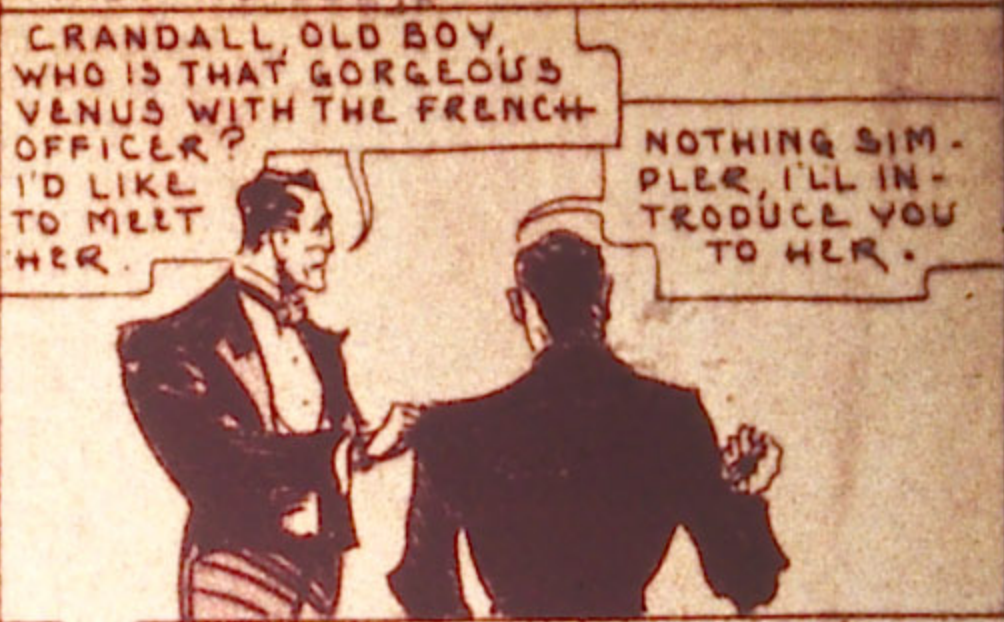


ALL RIGHT, HURRY, TELL MISTER COSMO I'VE CARRIED OUT HIS INSTRUCTIONS IN THIS ENVELOPE

MEANWHILE—COSMO GOES INTO ACTION, FIRST HE SEEKS OUT CRANDALL.

CRANDALL, OLD BOY, WHO IS THAT GORGEOUS VENUS WITH THE FRENCH OFFICER? I'D LIKE TO MEET HER.

NOTHING SIMPLER, I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO HER.



WAIT—ASK NO QUESTIONS, BUT GIVE MY NAME AS—AS—RAWLINGSON.



ALL RIGHT, COSM—OH, MY PARDON, RAWLINGSON. I'M AFRAID YOU'RE SLIPPING FAST, YOU OLD CELIBATE.

COUNTESS VARNOFF DE MORNAY, MAY I QUICKLY PRESENT MY GOOD FRIEND, MISTER RAWLINGSON BEFORE HE CONSUMES HIMSELF IN HIS IMPATIENCE TO MEET YOU?



ACCEPT MY SINCEREST HOMAGE, MADAM; YOUR INCOMPARABLE BEAUTY IS THE SUN AMONGST THIS EVENING'S SATELLITES.



M'SIEU, SUCH VER' PRETTY COMPLIMENT MUST HAVE THE REWARD. I WILL MAKE YOU THE ESCORT FOR EVENING—YES?

SHALL WE DANCE? I SHALL DO MY BEST WITH YOUR RUSSIAN MAZUR-KAS



HE SUCCEEDS IN KEEPING THE COUNTESS AT HIS SIDE UNTIL THE MESSENGER RETURNS.



STAKING ALL ON A BLUFF COSMO MAKES A DARING MOVE.

GET YOUR WRAP, QUICK, WE'RE DISCOVERED. I'LL SEND A NOTE WARNING KOSLOFF. LET'S GET THE PLANS BEFORE THEY'RE PICKED UP



MY GOD—BUT—WHO ARE YOU?

QUIET, I'M ALSO A SECRET AGENT.

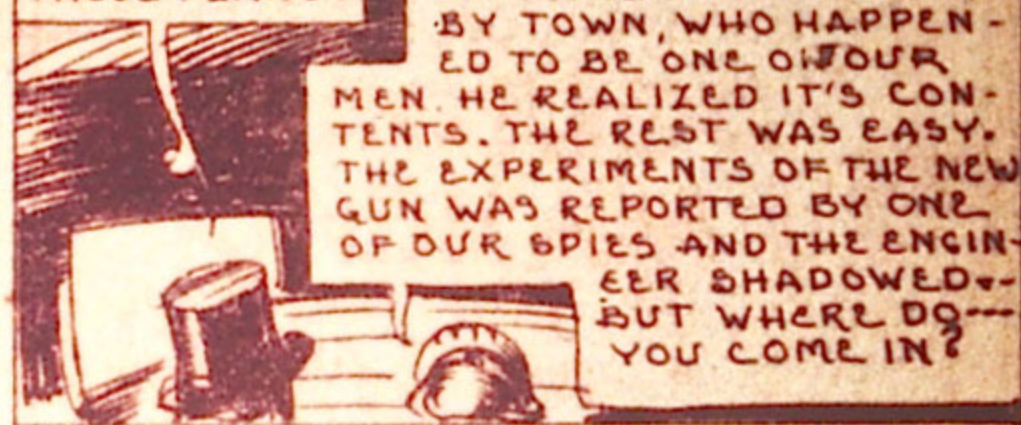


THEY SLIP OUT QUIETLY. COSMO'S NERVES  
TINGLING WITH EXCITEMENT.



SHE GIVES AN ADDRESS AND THEY RACE  
THRU THE STREETS.

HOW DID YOU  
KNOW ABOUT  
THESE PLANS?



A DIAGRAM WAS FOUND  
ON THE ISLAND BY A NA-  
TIVE. THINKING IT IMPOR-  
TANT HE TOOK IT TO AN  
OFFICIAL IN THE NEAR-  
BY TOWN, WHO HAPPEN-  
ED TO BE ONE OF OUR  
MEN. HE REALIZED IT'S CON-  
TENTS. THE REST WAS EASY.  
THE EXPERIMENTS OF THE NEW  
GUN WAS REPORTED BY ONE  
OF OUR SPIES AND THE ENGIN-  
EER SHADOWED--  
BUT WHERE DO--  
YOU COME IN?

THEY REACH THE WOMAN'S APARTMENT.

REMEMBER, SPIES TELL NO TALES.  
YOUR SHIP SAILS FOR EUROPE IN TWO  
HOURS. I'VE INFORMED KOSLOFF TO



BE ON BOARD  
TO AWAIT  
YOU.  
HERE, DON'T  
FORGET THE  
PLANS.



BON VOYAGE,  
FRIENDS--AND I  
SHALL AWAIT  
YOUR RETURN  
IMPATIENTLY--  
DUCHESS.

THE WAR OFFICE FINDS OUT THE SECRET  
PLANS HAVE DISAPPEARED. VON RUYTER  
IS QUICKLY BROUGHT IN FOR QUESTIONING.

THE DEPARTMENT DOESN'T  
PERMIT BUNGLINGS OF THIS  
MAGNITUDE, MISTER.



COSMO RETURNS HOME AND IS CONFRONT-  
ED BY GOVERNMENT AGENTS.

GENTLEMEN, I KNOW WHAT  
YOU ARE HERE FOR.  
I HAVE THE NECESSARY IN-  
FORMATION FOR THE  
NAVY DEPARTMENT.

THERE'S  
A LOT OF  
EXPLAINING  
TO BE DONE



AT HEADQUARTERS COSMO RELATES THE  
DETAILS OF THE CASE.

-- SO EVEN I COULDN'T RESIST  
THE BEAUTY OF THIS SPY.  
I SAW HER SAFELY TO  
THE BOAT--



BUT THE  
PLANS, MAN--  
THE PLANS--  
YOU GAVE  
HER THE--

OH--YES, YES--HERE ARE THE REAL  
ONES. I TOLD VON RUYTER TO SEND ME  
A DIAGRAM OF THE BRONX ZOO WITH A  
NICE BIG MONKEY CAGE MARKED ON IT  
AND I SWITCHED THAT ON THEM INSTEAD.

THE EXPLOSIVE FORMULA  
WRITTEN ON IT IS--  
RICINUS COMUNIS--  
OR, PLAIN CASTOR  
OIL.





## BEGINNING:

The adventurous story  
of that sinister character  
of the Orient...

# DOCTOR FU MANCHU!

by

The Celebrated  
English Author

## SAX ROHMER



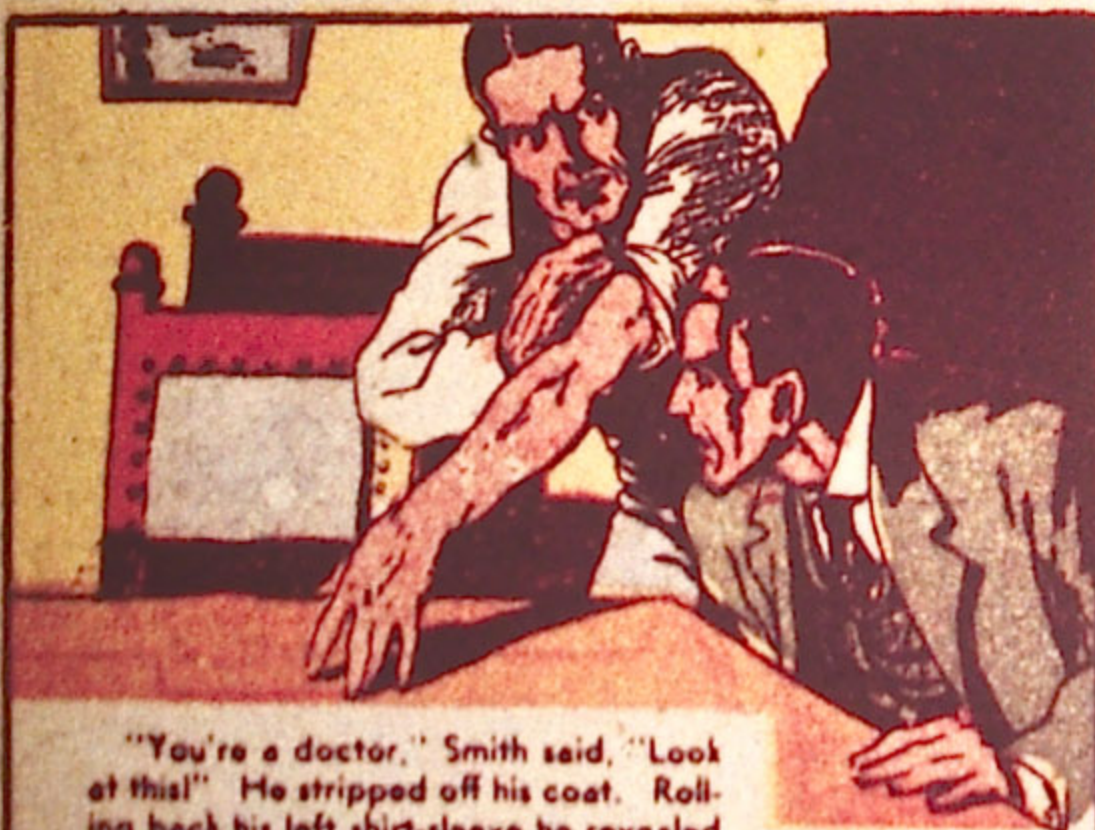
"Imagine a man, tall, lean and cat-like, with long, strange, magnetic eyes, the brow of Shakespeare and the face of Satan... Invest him with the cruel cunning of an entire Eastern race, with all the resources of science, and vast wealth—Imagine that awful being, and you have DR. FU MANCHU, the Yellow Peril incarnate in one man!"



Suddenly my old friend Nayland Smith put out the lamp. He had been explaining the mission that brought him surprisingly to my London quarters, when I supposed him to be in Burma. His tanned, square-jawed face was taut and grave. "A servant of the British Government, Petrie," he said, "I appear as a detective, bearing credentials from the highest sources, because I learned of the evil activity of FU MANCHU

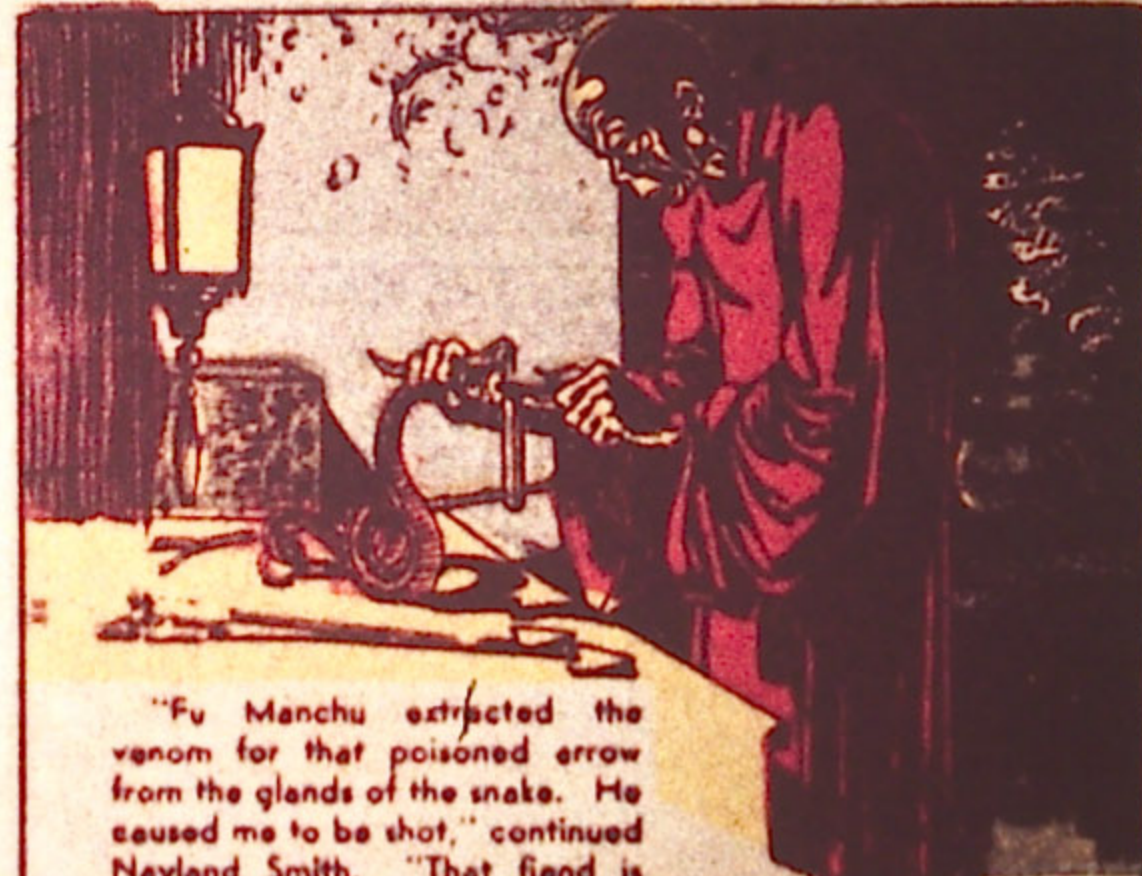


"No doubt you will think me mad," Smith remarked, and I could see him at the window peering intently into the street. "But before you are many hours older you will know I have good reason to be cautious. Ah, nothing suspicious!" He relighted the lamp. "You are the only man I can trust. I must have someone with me, Petrie, all the time. Can you spare a few days to the strangest business that ever was recorded in fact or fiction?"



"You're a doctor," Smith said, "Look at this!" He stripped off his coat. Rolling back his left shirt-sleeve he revealed a wicked-looking wound. "An arrow steeped in the venom of a hemadryed went in there."

A shudder I could not repress ran through me at his mention of that most deadly of all the reptiles of the East.



"Fu Manchu extracted the venom for that poisoned arrow from the glands of the snake. He caused me to be shot," continued Nayland Smith. "That fiend is now in London and I am on his tracks. I honestly believe that the interests of the entire white race depend upon the success of my mission." Then...



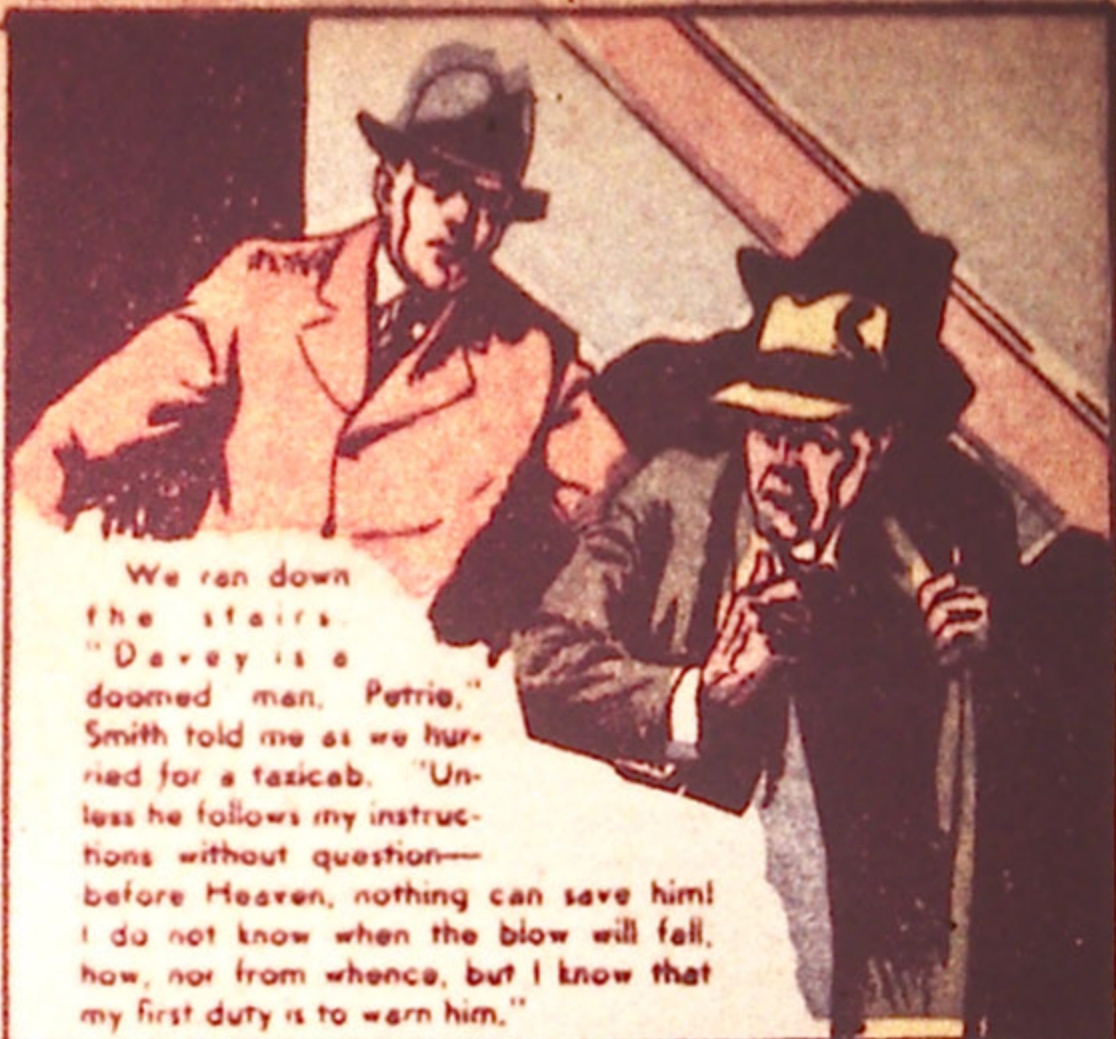


"I am wasting precious time," he repped out. "We start now."

"What, tonight?"

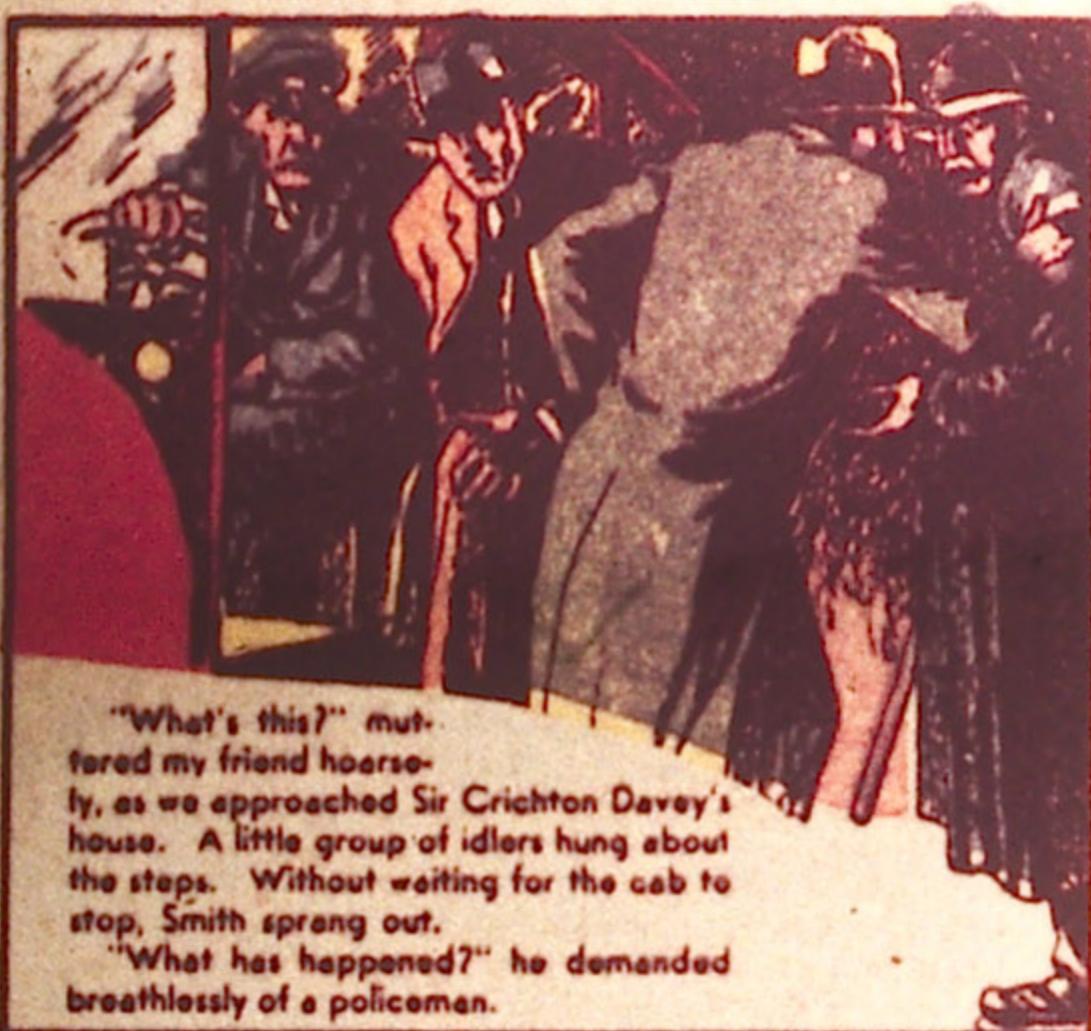
"Tonight! I have scarcely slept in forty-eight hours, but there is one move that has to be made immediately. I must warn Sir Crichton Davey."

"Sir Crichton Davey—of the India—"



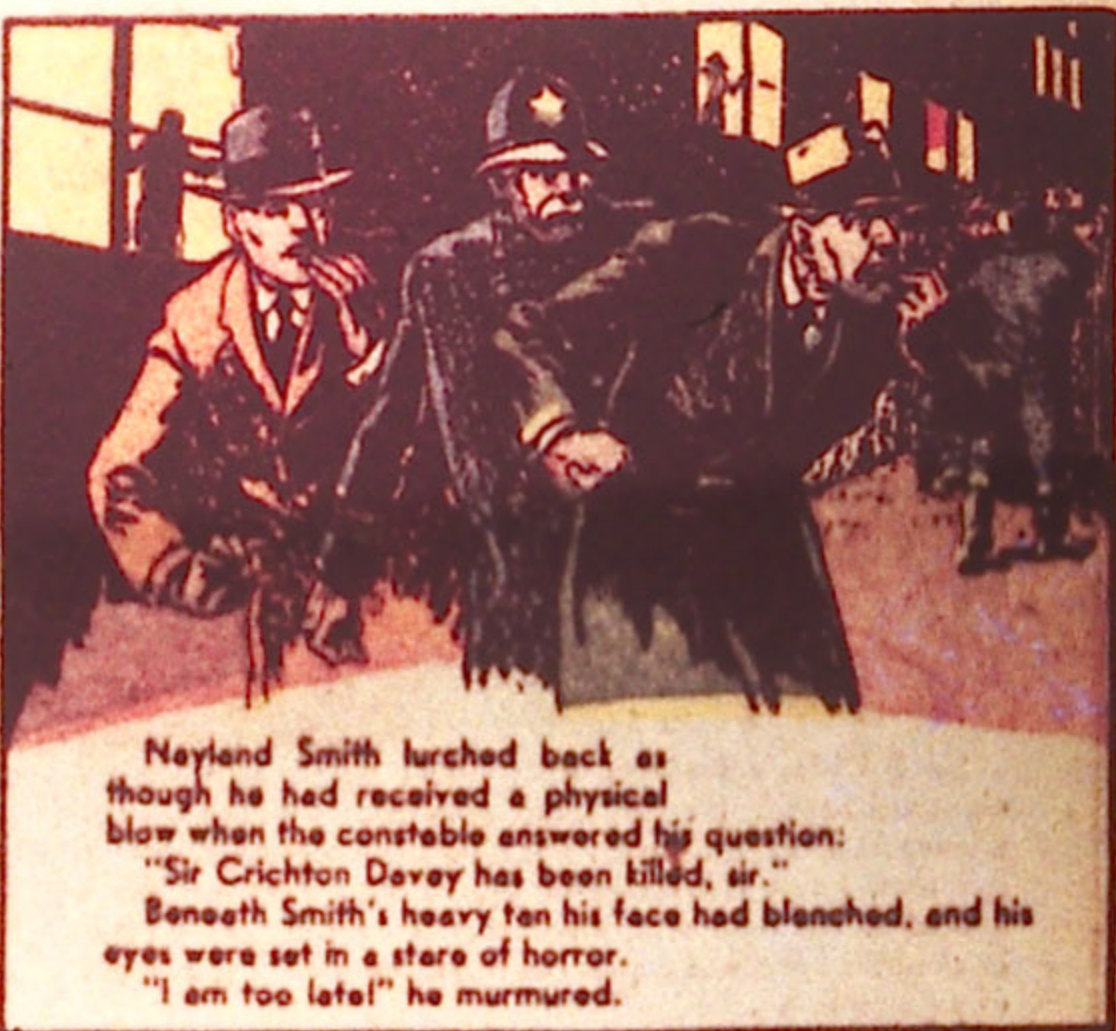
We ran down the stairs.

"Davey is a doomed man, Petrie," Smith told me as we hurried for a taxicab. "Unless he follows my instructions without question—before Heaven, nothing can save him! I do not know when the blow will fall, how, nor from whence, but I know that my first duty is to warn him."



"What's this?" muttered my friend hoarsely, as we approached Sir Crichton Davey's house. A little group of idlers hung about the steps. Without waiting for the cab to stop, Smith sprang out.

"What has happened?" he demanded breathlessly of a policeman.



Neyland Smith lurched back as though he had received a physical blow when the constable answered his question:

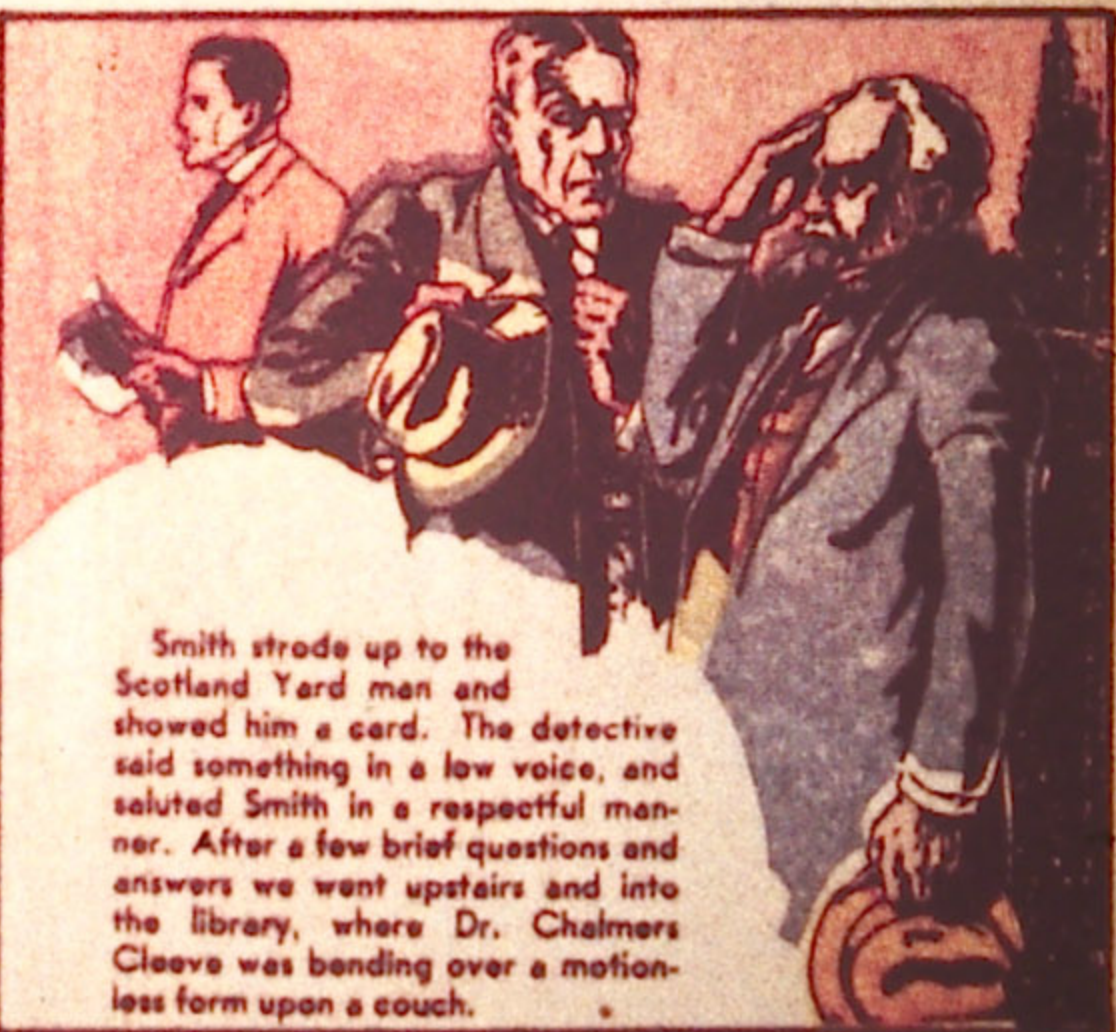
"Sir Crichton Davey has been killed, sir."

Beneath Smith's heavy ten his face had blanched, and his eyes were set in a stare of horror.

"I am too late!" he murmured.



With clenched fists Smith bounded up the steps. In the hall a Scotland Yard official was talking to a footman. Other members of the household were moving about aimlessly. The chill hand of King Fear had touched one and all, for, as they came and went they glanced over their shoulders, as if each shadow cloaked a menace. . . .



Smith strode up to the Scotland Yard man and showed him a card. The detective said something in a low voice, and saluted Smith in a respectful manner. After a few brief questions and answers we went upstairs and into the library, where Dr. Chalmers Cleave was bending over a motionless form upon a couch.





The uncomfortable sense of hush, the group around the physician, the dead man—grim hub about whom all this activity turned—made a scene that etched itself indelibly on my mind. Then I observed another door, communicating with a small study. Through the opening I could see a man crawling on hands and knees examining the carpet . . .



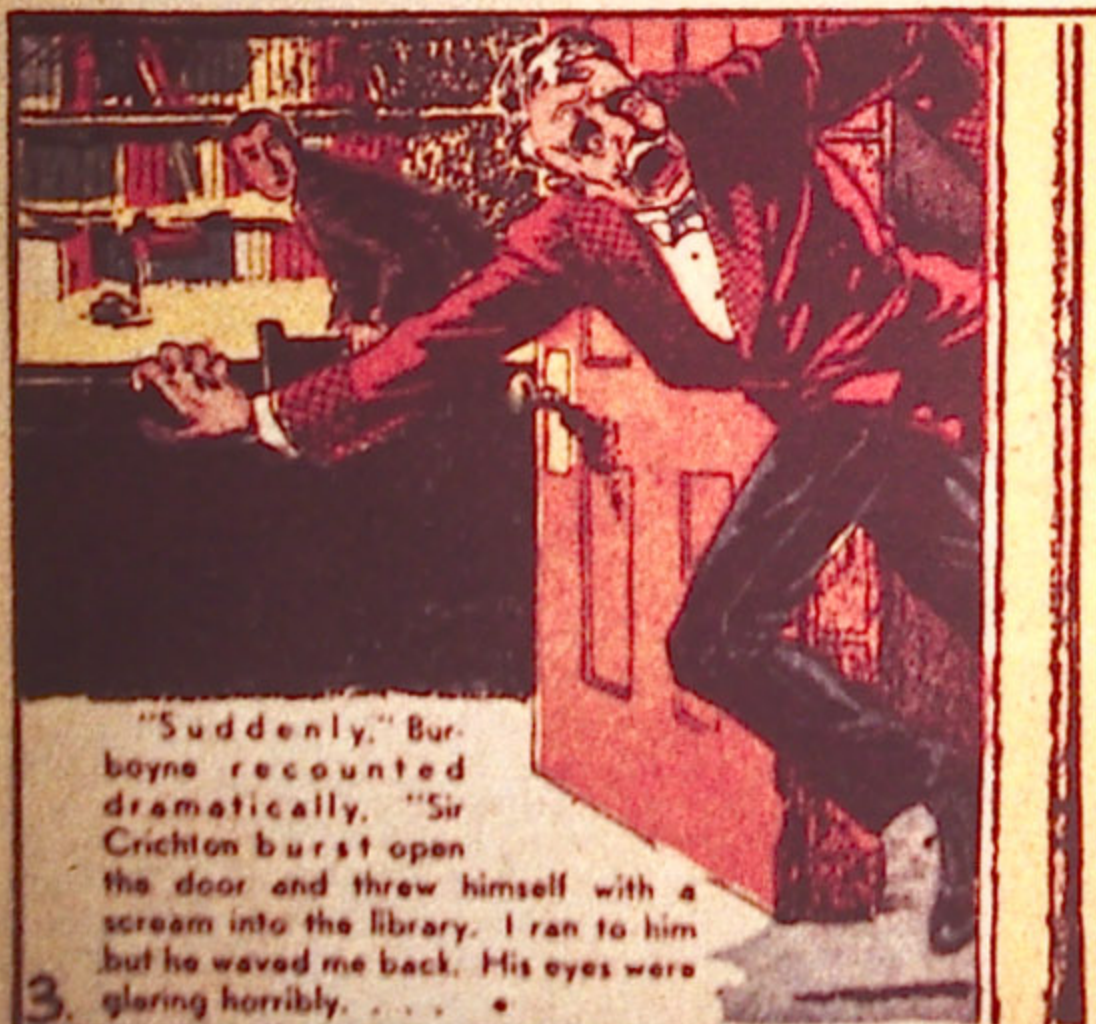
As we entered the library, Dr. Cleeve straightened up from the couch where lay the body of Sir Crichton Davey. "This is a most mysterious case," he said. "Frankly, I do not care to venture any opinion now regarding the immediate cause of death. I fear that only a post-mortem can establish the facts—if we ever learn them!"



Sir Crichton's features were oddly puffy, as were his clenched hands. He had been addicted to drugs, as Dr. Cleeve had told us, and as I pushed back the sleeve on his left arm, I saw the marks of the needle. Mechanically I looked at the right arm, which was unscarred. But on the back of the hand was a faint red mark, not unlike the impress of painted lips.



Nayland Smith questioned Burboyne, Sir Crichton's secretary. The young man said he was working in the library that evening and his master was in the study, which was according to their usual custom. At ten twenty-five a district messenger brought a note for Sir Crichton, which Burboyne placed beside him on the study table. Except for that moment the door was closed.



"Suddenly," Burboyne recounted dramatically, "Sir Crichton burst open the door and threw himself with a scream into the library. I ran to him but he waved me back. His eyes were glaring horribly."



"I had just reached his side when Sir Crichton fell writhing upon the floor," continued the nobleman's secretary. "He seemed past speech, but as I laid him upon the couch, he gasped something that sounded like 'The red hand!' From the direction of his last glance I think he referred to something in the study."





"Having called the servants I ran into the study. But there was absolutely nothing unusual to be seen. The windows were closed and fastened. There is no other door; anybody entering the study would have had to pass me. Even if somebody had been concealed, which would have been impossible in that small room, I should have seen him coming out."



Nayland Smith tugged at the lobe of his left ear, which was a habit of his when meditating.

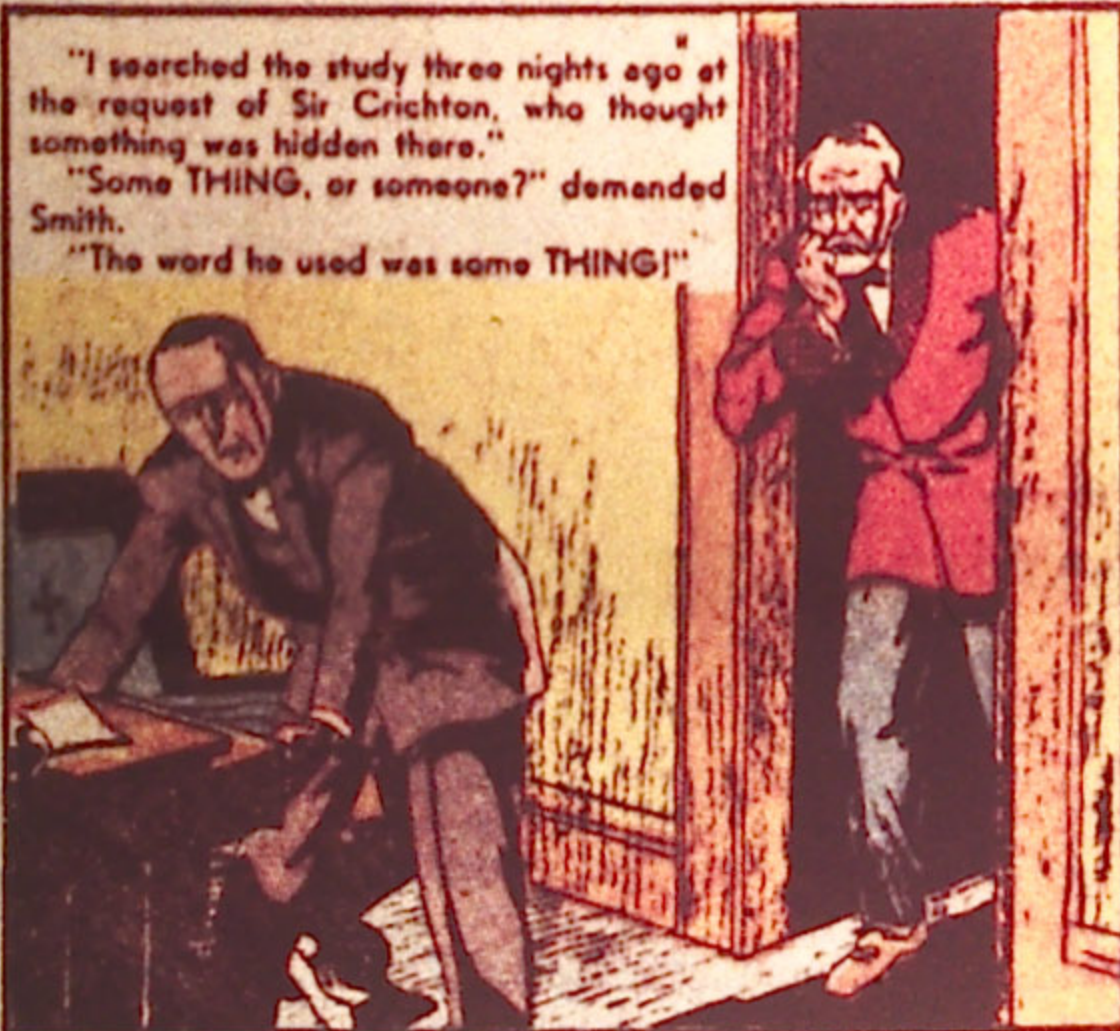
"You had been at work here some weeks, I understand. Had anything unusual occurred?" he asked the secretary.

"Sir Crichton was writing an important book. He was very nervous, and something did happen, though I gave it little thought."

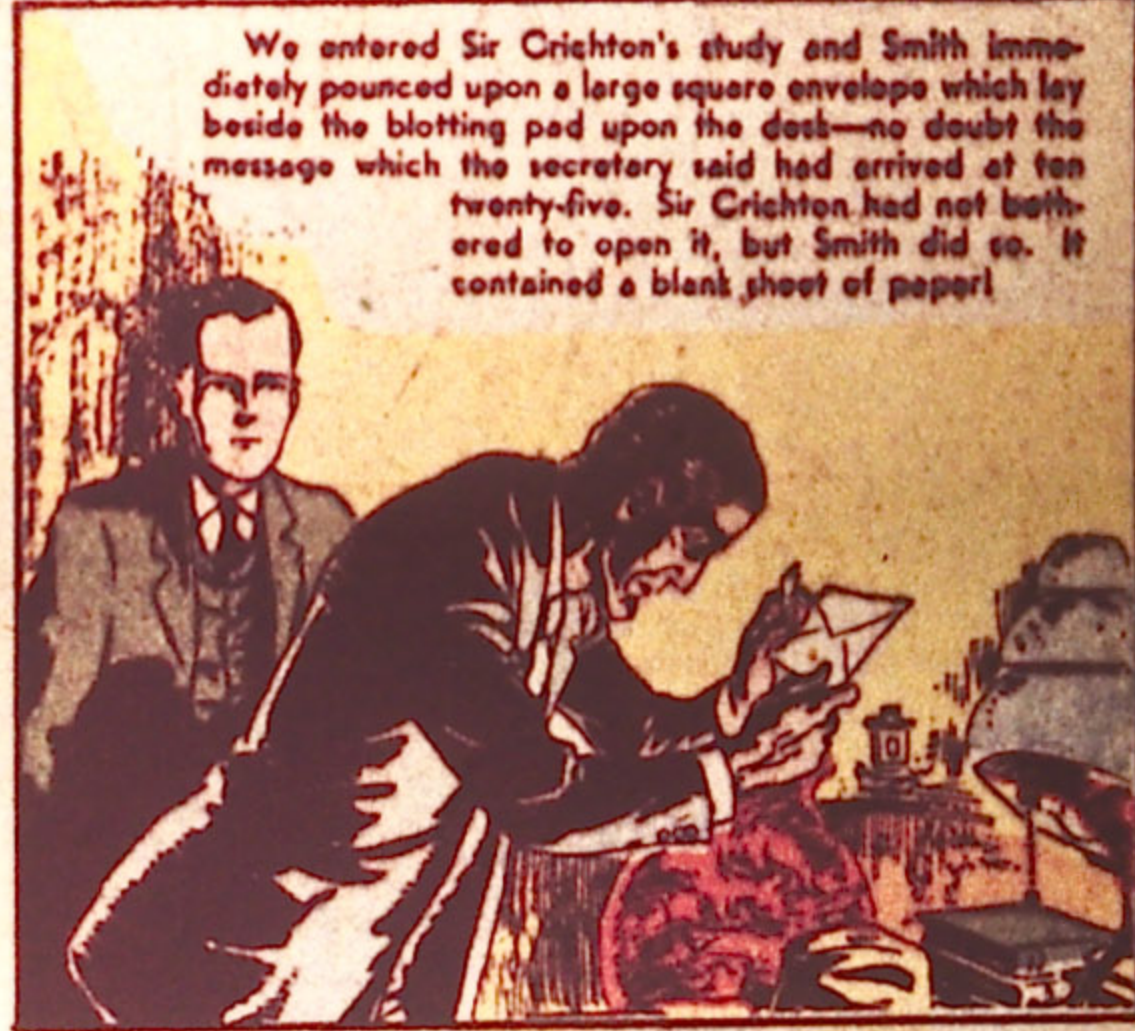
"I searched the study three nights ago at the request of Sir Crichton, who thought something was hidden there."

"Some THING, or someone?" demanded Smith.

"The word he used was some THING!"



We entered Sir Crichton's study and Smith immediately pounced upon a large square envelope which lay beside the blotting pad upon the desk—no doubt the message which the secretary said had arrived at ten twenty-five. Sir Crichton had not bothered to open it, but Smith did so. It contained a blank sheet of paper!



"Smell!" Smith commanded me, thrusting the paper under my nose. It was scented with some pungent, rather sickish, perfume.

"What is it?" I asked.

"A somewhat rare essential oil. I've known it in the East. I think I begin to understand, Petrie."



As Nayland Smith tilted the lampshade and searched through the debris in the grate and on the hearth, I took up a copper vase and was examining it curiously. . .

To be continued



# SPY

JEROME SIEGEL  
and  
JOE SHUSTER



TOLD ONLY IN HALF-WHISPERED RUMORS, WORD HAS REACHED WASHINGTON, D.C. THAT IN THE DISTANT TOWN OF MEADVILLE HOODED NIGHTRIDERS TERRORIZE THE CITY, FLOUTING THE LAWS OF TOLERANCE AND ORDER -- DEALING OUT THE LASH RATHER THAN JUSTICE! TO THWART THESE UNAMERICAN HOODLUMS, SECRET SERVICE HEADQUARTERS SWERVES INTO ACTION!

WITHIN SPY HEADQUARTERS -- SALLY AND BART RECEIVE AN ASSIGNMENT.

THIS TERRORIST ORGANIZATION MUST BE STAMPED OUT ... AND ITS LEADERS APPREHENDED!

YOU'VE CHOSEN THE RIGHT PERSONS FOR THE JOB.

SUCH MODESTY!



LATER --

WHERE ARE WE GOING IN SUCH A HURRY?

TO MEADVILLE!



SALLY AND BART TAKE A PLANE TO THE STRONGHOLD OF THE HOODED HORDES -- WHAT THRILLING ADVENTURES AWAIT THEM?





EN ROUTE TO MEADEVILLE

WHAT'S OUR FIRST MOVE?

WE'LL DISGUISE OURSELVES AS WORKERS AND KEEP OUR EARS OPEN FOR CLUES



WHEN THEIR DESTINATION IS REACHED, THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO A SECOND-HAND CLOTHES SHOP...

YOU MEAN YOU'RE WILLING TO EXCHANGE YOUR NEW CLOTHES FOR SOME WORN OUT JUNK? — SOUNDS GOOFY!

VERY EASILY EXPLAINED: — WE'RE GOOFY PEOPLE!

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF!



LATER — AFTER AN EXCHANGE OF GARMENTS

HOW DO I LOOK?

LIKE AN ADVERTISEMENT OF HOW THE WELL-DRESSED UNEMPLOYED WOMAN SHOULDN'T APPEAR!



JUST BEFORE THEY ENTER A LARGE FACTORY IN SEARCH OF EMPLOYMENT...

HERE'S HOPIN FOR LUCK!

WE'LL NEED IT!



IO LIKE TO APPLY FOR A POSI--

YOU'RE HIRED!



BART, TOO, IS FORTUNATE

WE HAPPEN TO BE SHORT-HANDED AT THE MOMENT — YOU'LL START WORKING IMMEDIATELY!

LEAD ME TO IT!



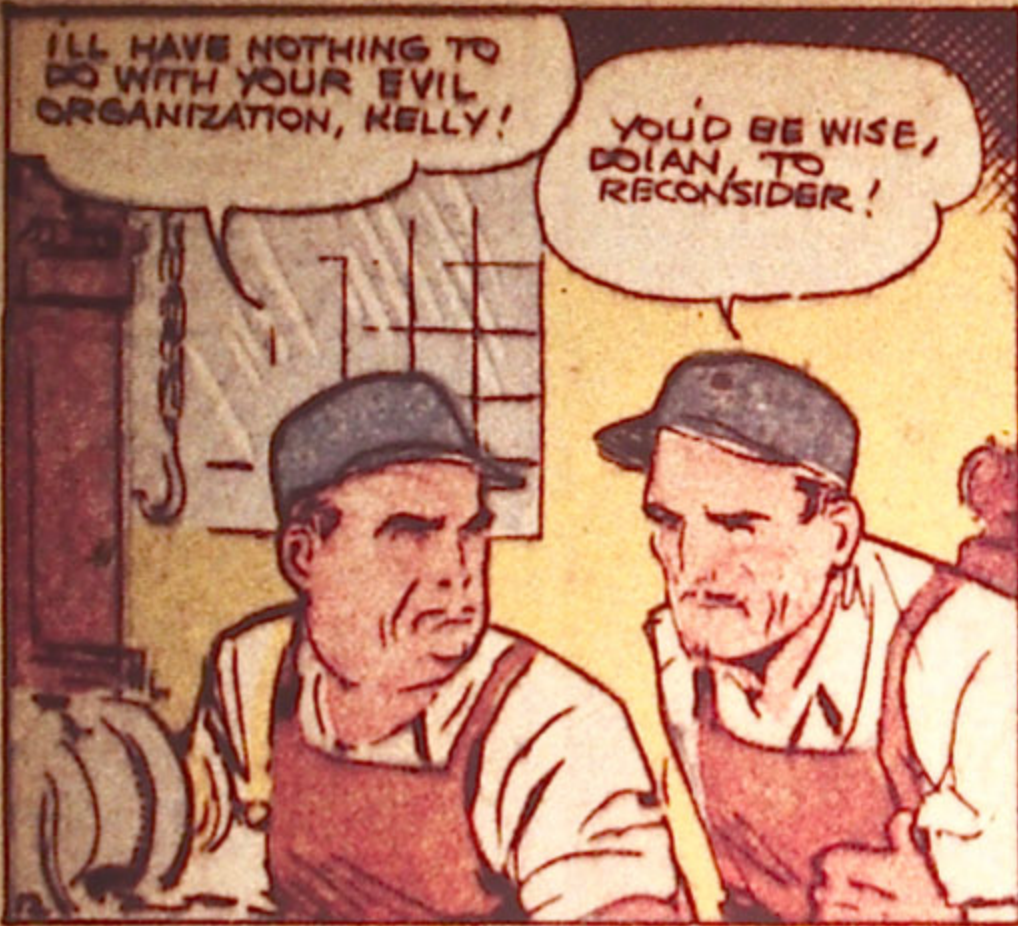
WHILE BART WORKS UPON HIS MACHINE, HIS ATTENTION IS ATTRACTED BY THE CONVERSATION OF TWO NEARBY WORKERS.

FOR TH' LAST TIME... WILL YOU JOIN THE HOODED HORDES?

AND AGAIN I MUST TELL YOU, NO!









WHEN THE DAY'S WORK ENDS --

MIND IF I WALK  
WITH YOU?

DON'T LET  
ME STOP  
YOU!



KINDA SORE AT  
TH' FOREMEN,  
AREN'T YA?

WHY NOT?  
THEY MAKE  
US WORK  
LIKE SLAVES!



IN THAT CASE YOU'LL  
BE GLAD TO LEARN  
THERE'S A CLUB THAT  
"TAKES CARE" OF FLIP  
FOREMEN!



YEAH? --  
CAN I JOIN?

MEET ME HERE --  
ON THE CORNER  
-- TONIGHT!



LATER --

WHAT LUCK!  
KELLY'S TAKING  
ME TO A HORDE  
MEETING  
-- TONIGHT!

BART! --  
PLEASE  
BE CAREFUL!



THAT EVENING --

WELL, HERE  
I AM! -- JUST  
IN TIME!

LET'S GET  
MOVIN'!



**F**IFTEEN  
MINUTES  
LATER, BART  
ENTERS A  
LARGE HALL  
HE THRILLS  
WITH TRIUMPH  
AS HE SEES  
THAT HE HAS  
AT LAST PEN-  
ETRATED INTO  
THE DREAD  
ORGANIZATION:  
**THE HOODED  
HORDES!**

G-GOOD GOSH!  
W-WHAT --??  
--??

SILENCE!





SAY! WHEN YOU ASKED ME TO JOIN I NEVER THOUGHT--

YOU AGREED TO JOIN, BUDDY, AND NOW YOU'RE IN!

AND SO, BART REGAN, U.S. SPY, UNDERGOES THE SPINE-CHILLING CEREMONIES WHICH ENLIST HIM IN THE HOODED HORDES



HE RECITES THE DEADLY OATH--

I WILL OBEY ALL INSTRUCTIONS WITHOUT QUESTION-- MURDER, IF NECESSARY-- AND OFFER MY ALLEGIANCE TO NONE BESIDES THE HORDES!



HERE'S YOUR ROBE AND WEAPON! DON THEM AT ONCE!

BUT WHY?



TONIGHT YOU SHALL ACCOMPANY US ON A RAID -- RALPH DONAT IS TO LEARN THAT THE HOODED HORDE IS NOT TO BE DEFIED!



THE MEMBERS OF THE HORDES DEPART TO DRIVE TO DONAT'S RESIDENCE

WHERE ARE YOU GOING!

INTO THE DRUG STORE FOR SOME CIGARETTES, I'LL BE RIGHT OUT.



BART PHONES DONAT

FLEE AT ONCE! THE HOODED HORDES IS COMING FOR YOU!



LATER --

PUT ON YOUR HOOD. WE'RE ALMOST AT HIS HOME

WON'T YOU BE SURPRISED TO FIND HIM GONE

O.K.





WHEN THE INTENDED VICTIM'S HOME IS REACHED . . .

WHERE'S  
DONAT?

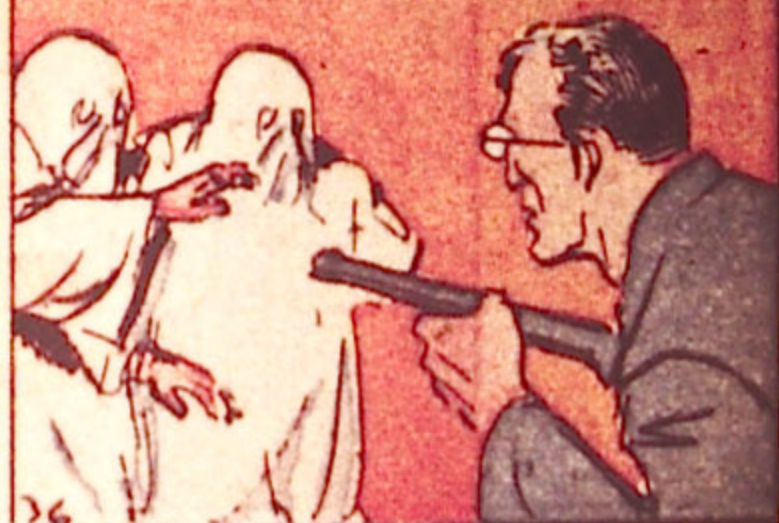
HE'S NOT  
HERE!

HERE  
I AM!

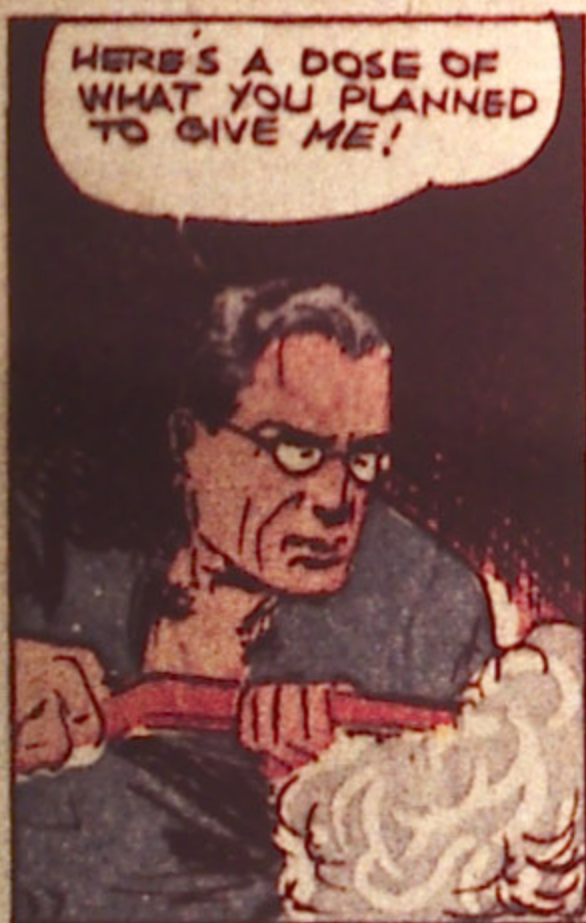


THAT RIFLE!  
— PUT IT  
AWAY!

NOT TILL  
I'VE USED IT!



HERE'S A DOSE OF  
WHAT YOU PLANNED  
TO GIVE ME!



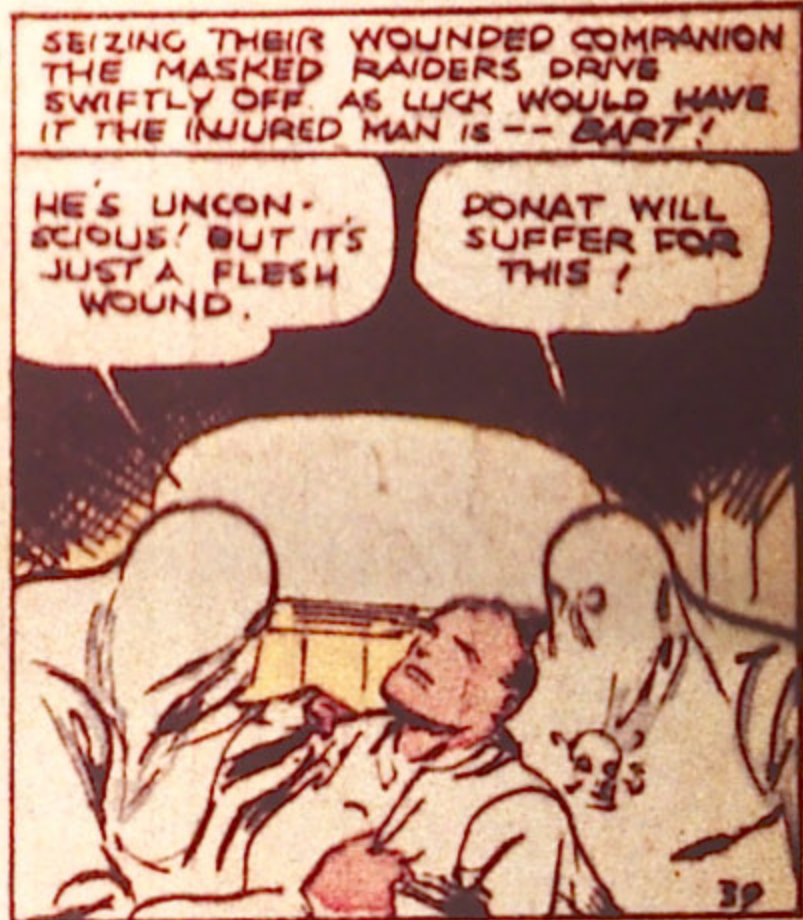
A MEMBER OF THE HORDES  
FALLS BEFORE THE GUN'S  
BLAST!



SEIZING THEIR WOUNDED COMPANION  
THE MASKED RAIDERS DRIVE  
SWIFTLY OFF. AS LUCK WOULD HAVE  
IT THE INJURED MAN IS -- BART!

HE'S UNCON-  
SCIOUS! BUT IT'S  
JUST A FLESH  
WOUND.

DONAT WILL  
SUFFER FOR  
THIS!



LATER --

I NARROWLY MISSED  
HAVING MY HEAD  
BLOWN OFF BUT  
AS A RESULT I'M  
IN SOLID WITH THE  
ORGANIZATION!

I WARNED  
YOU TO BE  
CAREFUL!



BY THE WAY, I'M NO  
LONGER A WAITRESS,  
I'VE BEEN PROMOTED  
TO TELEPHONE GIRL!  
CONGRATULATE ME!



NEXT MORNING . . .

YEAH  
I FEEL O.K.  
NOW, KELLY.

GOOD. THE  
COMMANDER  
WANTS TO  
SEE YOU  
TONIGHT.



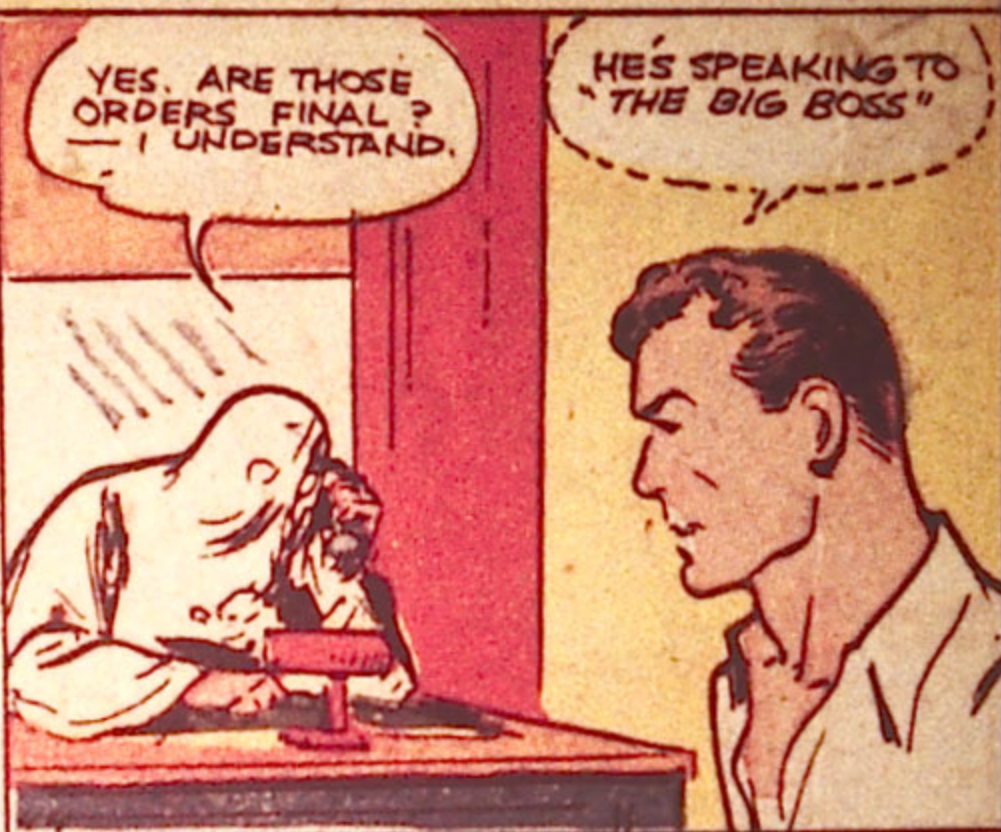


THAT  
EVENING--

BART  
MEETS  
"THE  
COMMAND-  
ER".



AT THAT MOMENT THE PHONE RINGS...



LATER --



NEXT AFTERNOON, WHILE BART  
LABORS, UNKNOWN TO HIM  
A MINIATURE CAMERA SNAP-  
SHOT OF HIM IS DEVELOPED  
AND FORWARDED TO THE  
HORDE'S INVESTIGATION  
BUREAU.



SOME TIME LATER...



BUT KELLY RECEIVES AN  
UNEXPECTED BLOW FROM  
BEHIND BEFORE HE CAN  
FIRE!



SALLY!

THEY'VE LEARNED  
YOUR TRUE IDENTITY!  
WHILE AT THE  
SWITCHBOARD, I  
OVERHEARD  
PHONED INSTRU-  
CTIONS TO MURDER  
YOU!



I ALSO LEARNED  
WHERE THE  
"BIG BOSS" IS TO  
MEET THE "COM-  
MANDER" FOR A  
CONFERENCE!

THEN  
LET'S GO!





SALLY LEADS BART TO A DISTANT ADDRESS . . .

THEY EVIDENTLY  
HAVEN'T ARRIVED  
YET!

I CAN HEAR  
THEM COMING!  
QUICK! INTO  
THE CLOSET!

WITHIN SIX MONTHS  
WE'LL CONTROL  
THE NATION!

QUIET!  
THERE'S SOME  
ONE IN THE  
CLOSET!

COME OUT  
OR I'LL  
SHOOT!

YOU'LL NEVER  
ENSLAVE THE  
NATION IF WE  
CAN HELP IT!

YOU WON'T  
BE ABLE TO  
FOR YOU'RE  
DYING RIGHT  
HERE NOW,  
ON THE SPOT!

**DROP THAT  
GUN!**

AS 'THE BIG BOSS' OBEYS THE  
VOICE'S COMMAND, BART SWIFTLY  
SCOOPS UP HIS GUN!

WHY -- WHY  
THERE WAS NO  
ONE BEHIND  
ME! WHERE  
DID THAT VOICE  
COME FROM?

I HAPPEN  
TO BE AN  
AMATEUR  
VENTRILO-  
QUIST! FIGURE IT  
OUT!

WITH YOU  
TWO RING-  
LEADERS  
CAPTURED,  
THE HOODED  
HORDES IS  
AS GOOD AS  
EXTINCT!

**THE END**

PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE

# DEATH'S RUBY

APPARENTLY ONLY A VALUABLE GEM -- YET  
THE FATE OF NATIONS DEPENDS UPON  
ITS POSSESSION! WHAT IS THE GHASTLY  
SECRET OF THIS BAUBLE AND WHAT  
HAPPENS WHEN SALLY AND BART  
BECOME INVOLVED IN THE INTRIGUE  
SURROUNDING IT?





# DISASTER ON THE DIAMOND



By

Paul Dean



**N**O one would ever seriously suspect Percy Hamilton of being a detective. Nevertheless, a detective he was and a remarkably good one at that.

Percy was short and stocky, weighing about 230 pounds in a bathing suit. His round, chubby face seemed to smile benignly on one and all, and his blue eyes had an everlasting twinkle reminding those who came in contact with him of a clean-shaven Santa Claus. His head was as bald as an ostrich egg but a person would never realize this fact unless Percy happened to remove the brown, flat-topped derby which he continually wore.

A friend of Percy's remarked that he was positive the detective even wore the bowler to bed. Now this was a little unkind to say but I must admit that Percy seemed a bit happier when he had his derby on the top of his head. Why this was I can't explain but then there were a lot of peculiar things he did that often times puzzled us. Percy was quite an odd chap.

This particular Saturday afternoon Percy and I were sitting in his hotel room, listening to the ball game that was being broadcast from the Stadium. The day was bright and not especially warm for this time of the year and the both of us rested in soft chairs, munching sandwiches and drinking tall glasses of iced tea.

The announcer's voice crackled over the ether with intense excitement: "... two men on bases and here comes Slugger Brant! The crowd are on their feet and Slugger is standing at the plate waiting for the pitch and here it comes ...

but wait ... wait! Something has happened to Brant, he dropped the bat and sank to the ground ... he seems to have fainted! I'll be with you in just a moment, folks!"

I stopped chewing the cheese sandwich and leaned forward. "Since when has Slugger Brant taken to fainting? It just doesn't sound right!"

"I would say it's definitely *not* right," agreed Percy, pushing the derby to the back of his head and wiping his brow. "But then again anyone of us is susceptible to heart attacks."

The announcer came back to the microphone and said that Brant was being carried off the field, still apparently unconscious.

And then about three minutes later the 'phone rang. Percy answered and listened intently to what was being said and then hung up.

He turned to me and I noticed that his blue eyes were exceptionally bright and sparkling. And a slight flush had deepened the pink of his round countenance. These were sure signs that trouble was in the air and that Percy was on the scent.



"That call was from the Stadium," he said. "Brant didn't faint at all ... *he was murdered!*"

"Holy Smokes! This is *news!*" I cried.

"We haven't any time to waste, so let's get going down to the ball park!" he said softly, tilting the derby over to the side of his head.

**W**E hailed a cab and fifteen minutes later we stepped out in front of the club house at the Stadium. The news of Brant's death evidently hadn't leaked out, for the game was still in progress and the stands were just as noisy as ever.

We entered the building and the officer on guard directed us to one of the rooms down the hallway. The owner, manager and two doctors were standing in a group talking, and on a couch in a corner of the room, was a sheet-covered form.

"I'm mighty glad you came, Percy," said the gray-haired Mr. Stone, owner of the Panther ball club. "Some fiend is responsible for this!"

"How did it happen?" asked Percy.

"He was shot ... through the heart!"

"I'd like to have a look at him," the detective suggested. He walked over to the couch and pulled back the sheet. The bullet had entered the ball player's body directly above the emblem on the left side of his uniform. Whoever was accountable for Slugger's murder must have been an expert marksman.

"Was there any motive that you know of?" Percy asked Stone.

"This morning I received a threatening letter in the mail," the owner answered, taking an envelope from his jacket pocket. "I thought it might be just another of the numerous 'crank' letters we get time and again, and I gave it no further attention."

Percy took the note and read it. The cryptic message had been



printed crudely in red letters:

**MAKE SURE THE PANTHERS LOSE TODAY OR ELSE SUFFER THE CONSEQUENCES.**

"This wouldn't have been sent by the opposing club?" questioned Percy.

"Absolutely not," declared Stone. "They've always been open and above board in their dealings with me. I trust them completely!"

Percy opened a pack of mint candy and put one in his mouth. "If I'm not mistaken, Slugger Brant was the hardest hitter on the team, wasn't he?"

"Why yes," admitted Stone. "In a way, you might say that he was the mainstay on the scoring end of our team."

"And this was his first time at bat today," Percy said softly, as if he was turning a puzzle over in his mind.

"I wish you'd do something for me, Mr. Stone," the detective asked.

"Gladly . . . anything to clear this horrible mystery up!"

Percy explained what he desired and the owner, a good deal perplexed, promised to carry it out.

**W**E locked the door and made our way to the Panther's dugout. A police officer entered a few minutes later and handed Percy a large package. The detective pulled off the paper wrapping and produced a bullet-proof vest. Then he turned to me and shoved the vest into my arms.

"Here you are, my boy!" he said. "Your life-long ambition is going to be fulfilled . . . you're going to become a professional league ball player!"

"Just a second . . . what's this all about?" I asked.

"Never mind the questions! Just put on a Panther uniform and make sure you've got that vest on underneath . . . now get going!"

Three minutes later I stood outside the dugout dressed as a Panther player. And then above the noise of the crowd the loud-speakers at the corners of the field roared a startling announcement:

" . . . Slugger Brant coming to bat!"

The grand-standers screamed their approval and Percy shoved a bat into my hands. "Go out to the plate and go through the motions . . . you're going to be Slugger Brant for the next few minutes! Make it look good!"

I went to home plate and started to make a few warm-up gestures with the bat. And then suddenly something hit me on the chest and the next moment I was sprawled in the dust!

A little bewildered, I glanced toward the dugout and saw Percy's figure disappearing through the exit. Mr. Stone called me over and I took off the uniform and the



bullet-proof vest. Then the owner and I and several others went back to the office.

We waited four or five minutes and then the door swung open and in marched Percy clutching an evil looking person by the arm.

"Mr. Stone," he announced, "here's Slugger Brant's murderer!"

"But how . . . I don't understand!" the owner stammered and I was equally as puzzled.

Percy smiled. "I'll try to be as brief as possible. This gent here is a member of a betting syndicate and, incidentally, a sharpshooter as well. Now this syndicate had evidently placed a great deal of money on the opposing team win-

ning today, which explains the message you received this morning, Mr. Stone. However, they wanted to make sure they wouldn't lose so they had this fellow stationed in a convenient spot with a rifle!"

"But how did you know where he was located?" asked Stone.

"I didn't till my friend here," said Percy, pointing to me, "went out to the plate with the bullet proof vest. The murderer, hearing the announcement in the loud-speakers, thought he had missed

Brant the first time and tried again. Brant was a right hand batter and from the way he stood at the plate just before he was killed, I figured the bullet came from somewhere between home plate and first base. We found this fellow on the roof of an apartment house just outside the ball park!"

When I heard this I sat down because I felt a little weak. "But supposing he had missed the bullet-proof vest and killed me?"

Percy grinned. "Murderers like this gent don't miss. That's why they're killers and that's why they are caught!"

THE END



# BRUCE NELSON.

## — AND THE — COOLIE SMUGGLERS.



by  
Tom Hickey.

FINDING HIMSELF BADLY IN NEED OF A REST AFTER HIS STRENUOUS WORK ON THE OMAR DIAMOND CASE, BRUCE NELSON DECIDED TO TAKE A LEISURELY TRIP AROUND THE WORLD. HE SHIPPED HIS PLANE BY BOAT AND ONCE ON THE CONTINENT FLEW FROM PLACE TO PLACE. WE FIND HIM WARMING HIS MOTOR PREPARATORY TO TAKING OFF FROM THE LANDING FIELD AT THE CONSTABULARY STATION JUST INSIDE THE TRANSVAAL AT THE SOUTH AFRICAN REPUBLIC BORDER. COLONEL ROARK, CHIEF OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN CONSTABULARY APPROACHES NELSON.

NOT ON YOUR LIFE, COLONEL ROARK. IN THE FIRST PLACE — I WOULDN'T BE OF ANY USE IN THIS COUNTRY. I'M NOT AT ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE TYPE OF CRIMINAL OR THE METHODS USED HERE.

I'VE HAD ENOUGH TROUBLE WITH AMERICAN LAW BREAKERS WITHOUT MEDDLING WITH THOSE OF AFRICA — AND SECONDLY — THIS IS STRICTLY A VACATION FOR ME. MY NERVES NEED A GOOD REST. — SORRY.

NELSON, CAPTAIN CARSTAIRS WAS CALLED SUDDENLY TO ENGLAND. HE WAS IN CHARGE OF THIS SMUGGLER SEARCH, AND IT'S LEFT US IN A JOLLY BIT OF A HOLE. WILL YOU TAKE THE JOB?



WELL, IF YOU WON'T, YOU WON'T! WHO IS THE CHAP THAT'S FLYING WITH YOU?

THAT'S UNGI. HE'S A ZULU. I PICKED HIM UP IN CAPE TOWN. HE'S A GOOD TRAVELING COMPANION AND KNOWS THE ROPE IN THESE PARTS.





NELSON SADE FAREWELL TO COLONEL ROARK, MOTIONED UNGI TO CLIMB INTO THE FRONT COCKPIT, AND SENT HIS SLEEK PLANE SKIMMING DOWN THE NARROW RUNWAY.



HE GAINED ALTITUDE RAPIDLY, AND HEADED THE PLANE TOWARD PRETORIA, THE CAPITAL OF THE TRANSVAAL.

THE SHIP DRONED ON THROUGH THE BRIGHT SOUTH AFRICAN AFTERNOON. BELOW ONLY THE INTERMITTENT GREEN OF THE BUSH VELDT.



DROWSING AT THE CONTROLS, NELSON DREAMILY BECAME AWARE OF SUNLIGHT FLASHING FROM THE WINGS OF A BRIGHT YELLOW PLANE IN THE DISTANCE AHEAD.



UNGI! GET OUT YOUR GLASSES AND TAKE A PEEK AT THAT PLANE UP AHEAD. — WHAT MAKE IS IT?



HIM A FRENCH BOURGET. MUST BELONG TO CARLOS DEL RIO THE BRAZILIAN FLYER. HIM ONLY ONE OWNS THAT KIND IN THESE PARTS, FAR AS ME I KNOW.



CARLOS DEL RIO EH! HE'S A GOOD EGG. ALWAYS CLAIMS HIS SHIP IS FASTER THAN THIS CRATE. I'LL ADMIT HE'S GOT A MIGHTY FINE JOB THERE.



NELSON GRINNED TO HIMSELF, OPENED THE THROTTLE, AND SENT HIS PLANE HURTLING AFTER THE YELLOW SHIP. FOR A TIME HE GAINED RAPIDLY, THEN BEGAN TO LOSE.





OH! SO YOU WANT TO RACE? O.K.?



HE YANKED THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN. THE SLEEK PLANE THUNDERED ACROSS THE SKY.

NELSON WAS WITHIN HALF A MILE OF THE FRENCH BOURGET WHEN HE BROKE INTO AN EXCLAMATION OF HORROR.

HOLYCATS! UNGI!  
DID YOU SEE THAT?



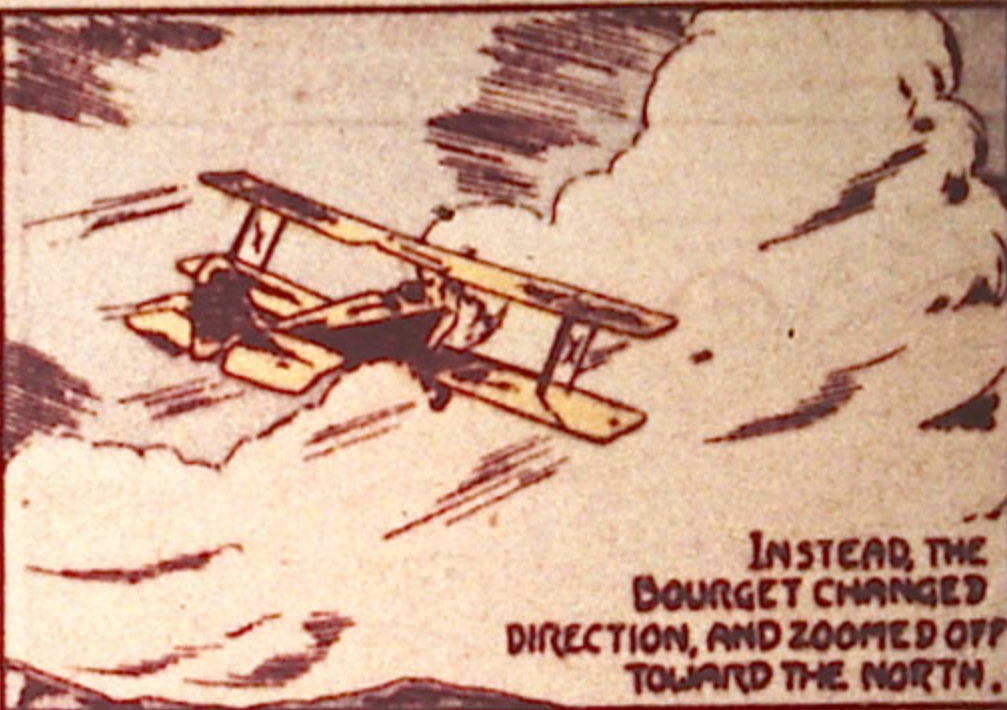
NELSON INSTANTLY CIRCLED STEEPLY AND WATCHED THE DOOMED MEN DEMINISH IN SIZE AS THEY PLUNGED TO THEIR DEATH.



TWO HUMAN FIGURES HAD FALLEN FROM THE YELLOW SHIP. ONE TUMBLED OVER AND OVER. THE OTHER HURTLED DOWNWARD LIKE A PLUMMET.



THE BODIES STRUCK THE EARTH AND WERE INSTANTLY STILL. NELSON CIRCLED SEVERAL TIMES WAITING EXPECTANTLY FOR THE YELLOW BOURGET TO SPIRAL DOWNWARD TOWARD THE VICTIMS.



INSTEAD, THE BOURGET CHANGED DIRECTION, AND ZOOMED OFF TOWARD THE NORTH.

UNGI STARED BACK AT NELSON INQUIRINGLY.

THAT ISN'T LIKE CARLOS.  
SOMETHING'S SCREWY HERE.  
I'M GOING TO INVESTIGATE.



IMMEDIATELY HE SPUN THE SHIP DOWN TO THE SUN-BAKED VELD WHERE THE BROKEN BODIES SPRAWLED GROTESQUELY.





THE PLANE JERKED TO AN ABRUPT STOP. NELSON, FOLLOWED BY UNGI, HURRIED TO THE CRUSHED FORMS. THE BIG ZULU TURNED OVER THE NEAREST.

COOLIES!

THE POOR DEVILS.



THAT'S THE SMUGGLER. HE THOUGHT WE WERE AFTER HIM AND DUMPED THESE FELLOWS OUT SO HE COULD MAKE FASTER TIME FOR A GET AWAY. HE MUST HAVE A TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR OF THE CRATE.



NELSON AND UNGI PICKED UP THE BODIES IN A BLANKET AND PLACED THEM IN THE REAR COCKPIT.



NELSON AND UNGI CROWDED INTO THE FRONT COCKPIT.

WE'LL TAKE THESE POOR GUYS INTO PRETORIA AND TURN THEM OVER TO THE AUTHORITIES. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND DELTRIO. I THOUGHT HE WAS REGULAR, BUT I HOPE HE SWINGS FOR THIS.



THOSE POOR COOLIES TRUSTED HIM. — UNGI, I'M GOING TO ACCEPT THAT SMUGGLER HUNTING JOB IF IT'S STILL OPEN. AND — IF IT ISN'T, WELL, MAYBE I'LL GO AFTER HIM ANYWAY.



UNGI GRUNTED AND POINTED NORTH. THE YELLOW PLANE HAD CIRCLED BACK, AND WAS SOARING ABOUT A MILE AWAY.

HE'S WATCHING US.



AS HE SPOKE, THE BOUGRET'S EXHAUST BELCHES AND THE PLANE SCOOTED TOWARDS PORTUGUESE TERRITORY.





AT PRETORIA  
AIRPORT THREE HOURS LATER  
A DETERMINED LOOKING GROUP  
AWAITED NELSON'S LANDING.

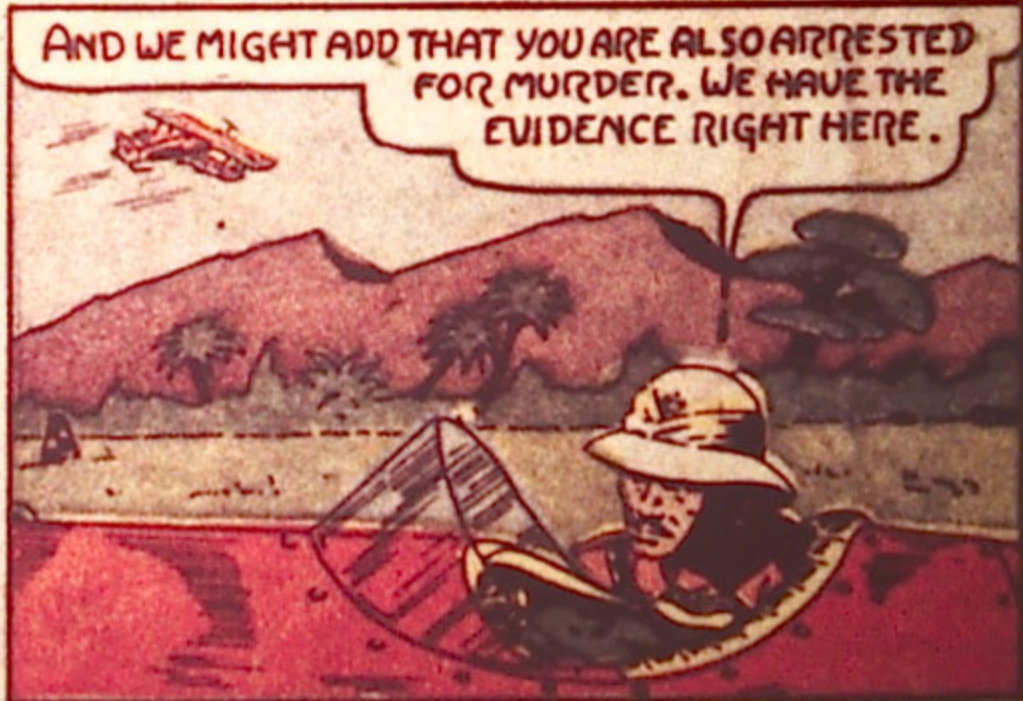


AS THE AMERICAN JUMPED FROM HIS PLANE, A  
BRITISH BOBBY STEPPED FORWARD AND TAPPED HIM  
ON THE SHOULDER.



I ARREST YOU ON A CHARGE OF  
SMUGGLING ALIENS INTO THIS  
COUNTRY.

WHAT!

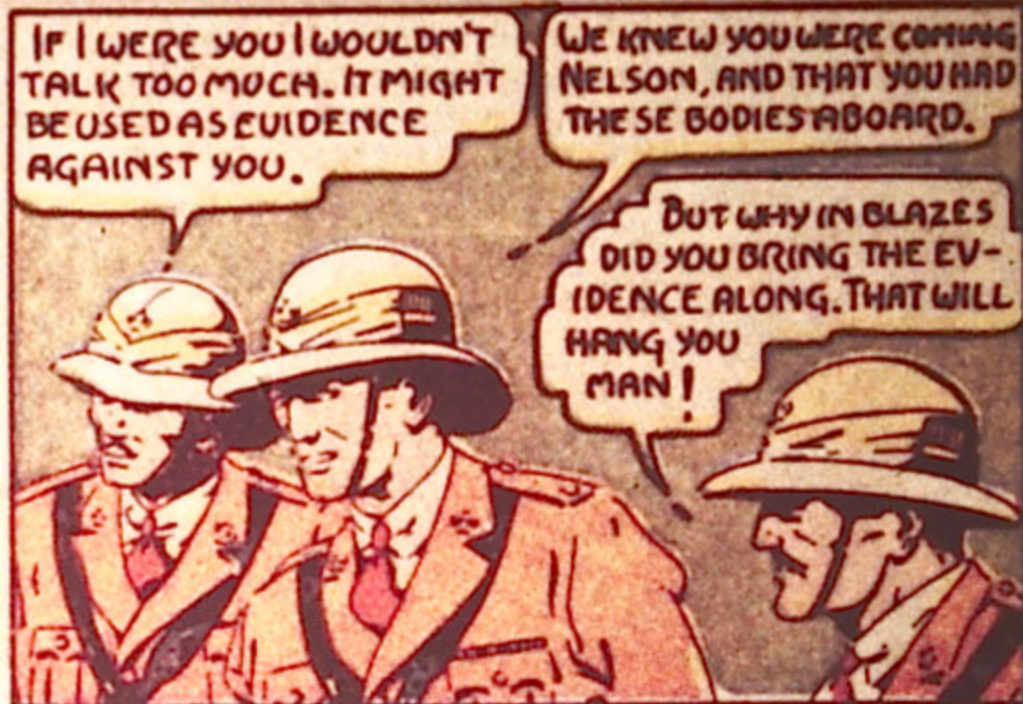


AND WE MIGHT ADD THAT YOU ARE ALSO ARRESTED  
FOR MURDER. WE HAVE THE  
EVIDENCE RIGHT HERE.



NELSON WAS WHITE WITH ANGER BUT THEN HE HAD TO  
LAUGH IN SPIKE OF HIMSELF. HE TRIED TO TELL HIS  
STORY BUT THE OFFICERS GRINNED, SHOOK THEIR HEADS  
AND REFUSED TO LISTEN.

BUT GENTLEMEN!  
YOU'VE GOT ME ALL  
WRONG!



IF I WERE YOU I WOULDN'T  
TALK TOO MUCH. IT MIGHT  
BE USED AS EVIDENCE  
AGAINST YOU.

WE KNEW YOU WERE COMING  
NELSON, AND THAT YOU HAD  
THESE BODIES ABOARD.

BUT WHY IN BLAZES  
DID YOU BRING THE EV-  
IDENCE ALONG. THAT WILL  
HANG YOU  
MAN!



YOU KNEW WE WERE COMING! KNEW WE HAD THESE  
COOLIES ABOARD! WHY THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE. WE  
PICKED UP THESE BIRDS ON THE VELDT. YOU COULDN'T  
POSSIBLY KNOW!



NOT SO IMPOSSIBLE. TAKE A LOOK AT THIS. HERE'S  
HOW WE KNEW.



IT WAS A TELEGRAM FROM BONFONTAIN, A SETTLEMENT ON THE EDGE OF THE PORTUGUESE EAST AFRICAN BORDER.

WELL I'LL BE - UNGI  
TAKE A LOOK AT THIS.



THIS IS A FRAME UP. DEL RIO OR WHOEVER WAS FLYING THAT YELLOW SHIP SENT THIS WIRE.



THE SHREWD ZULU CAUGHT THE HIDDEN MEANING IN NELSON'S WORDS. HIS EXPRESSION REMAINED THE SAME BUT HIS EYES TWINKLED.



THE MOTOR ROARED AND THE PLANE MOVED FORWARD. SUDDENLY NELSON LEAPED FOR A WING AND THREW HIMSELF FLAT ALONG ITS SURFACE.



red monoplane flown by wanted coolie smuggler headed for Johannesburg or Pretoria with two dead men aboard arrest pilot for murder and coolie smuggling.

a justice seeker.

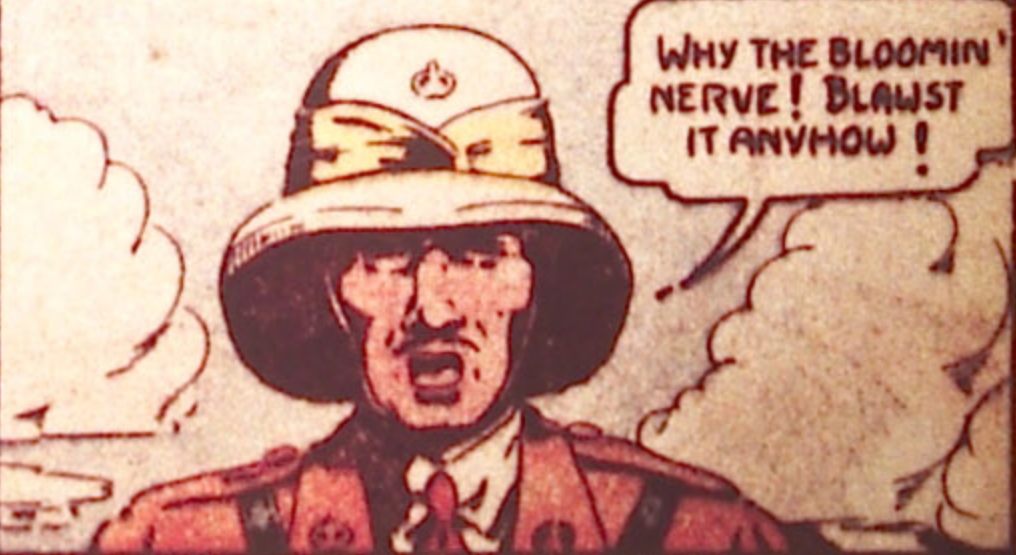
UNGI, PUT THOSE COOLIES ON THE GROUND THEN TAXI THE SHIP OVER TO THE HANGAR. THAT'S ALL RIGHT WITH YOU MEN, ISN'T IT?



HE LIFTED THE BODIES FROM THE PLANE. THEN HE GUNNED THE MOTOR SENDING SAND AND SMALL STONES SPURTING OUT BEYOND THE TAIL.



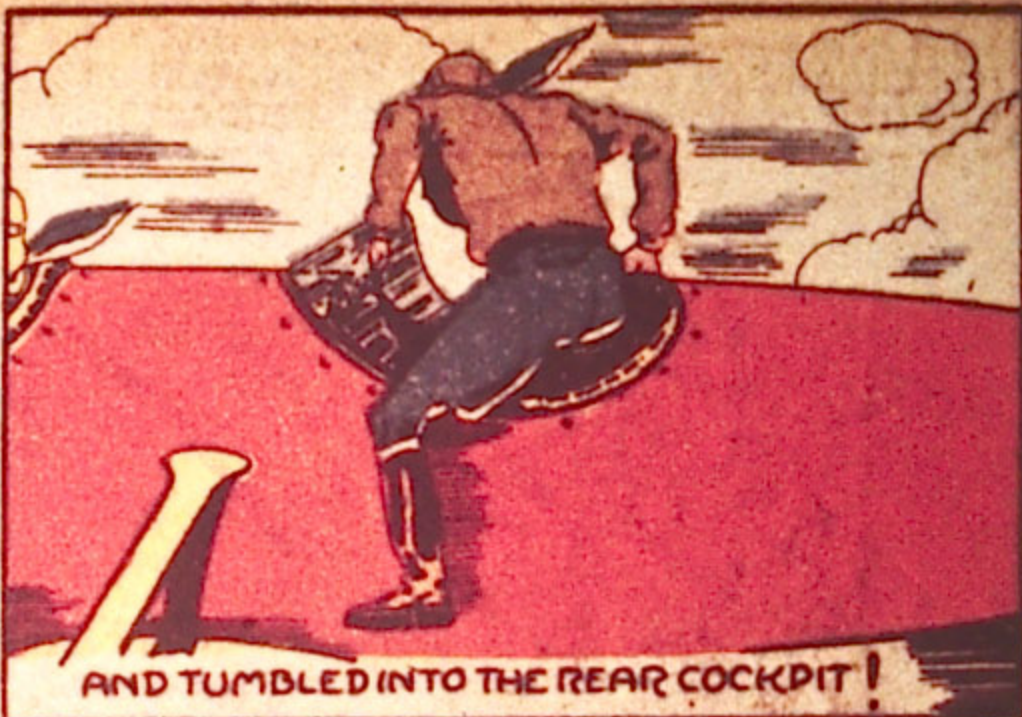
THE PLANE MOVED FORWARD SWIFTLY AND BEFORE THE STARTLED BOBBIES REALIZED WHAT HAD HAPPENED, THE SHIP WAS GAINING ALTITUDE RAPIDLY.







AT EIGHT HUNDRED FEET NELSON WRIGGLED ALONG THE WING



AND TUMBLED INTO THE REAR COCKPIT!

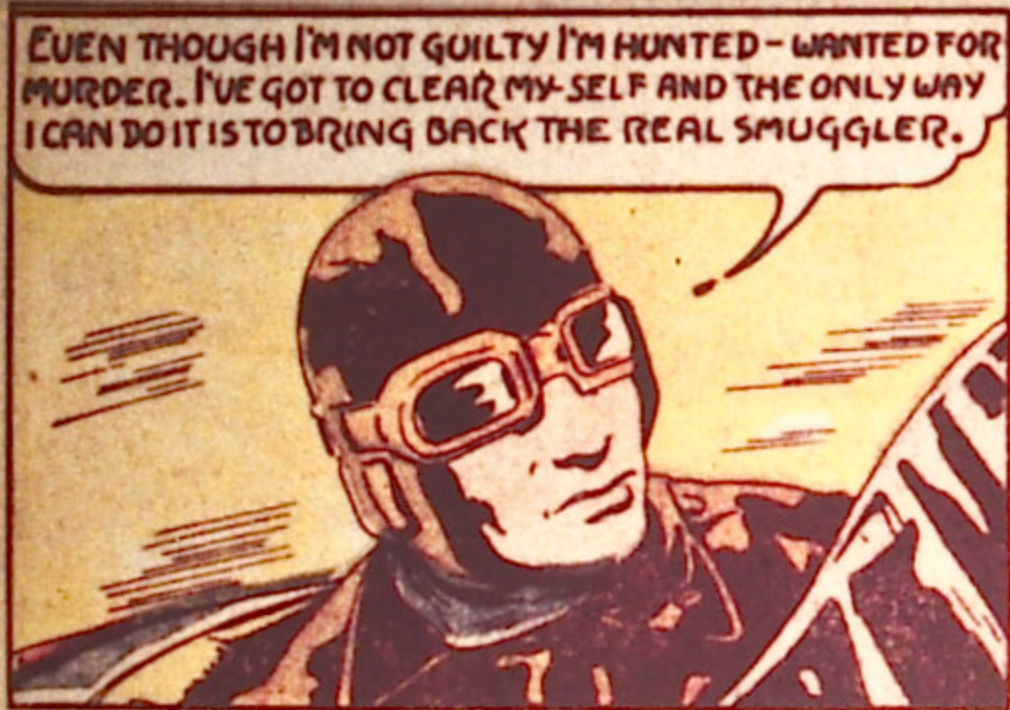


HE WIGGLED THE STICK AND UNGI TURNED THE CONTROLS OVER TO HIM.



AND NOW WHERE, MR. BRUCE?

TO GET THAT CHISELING SMUGGLER— AND TO GET HIM GOOD!



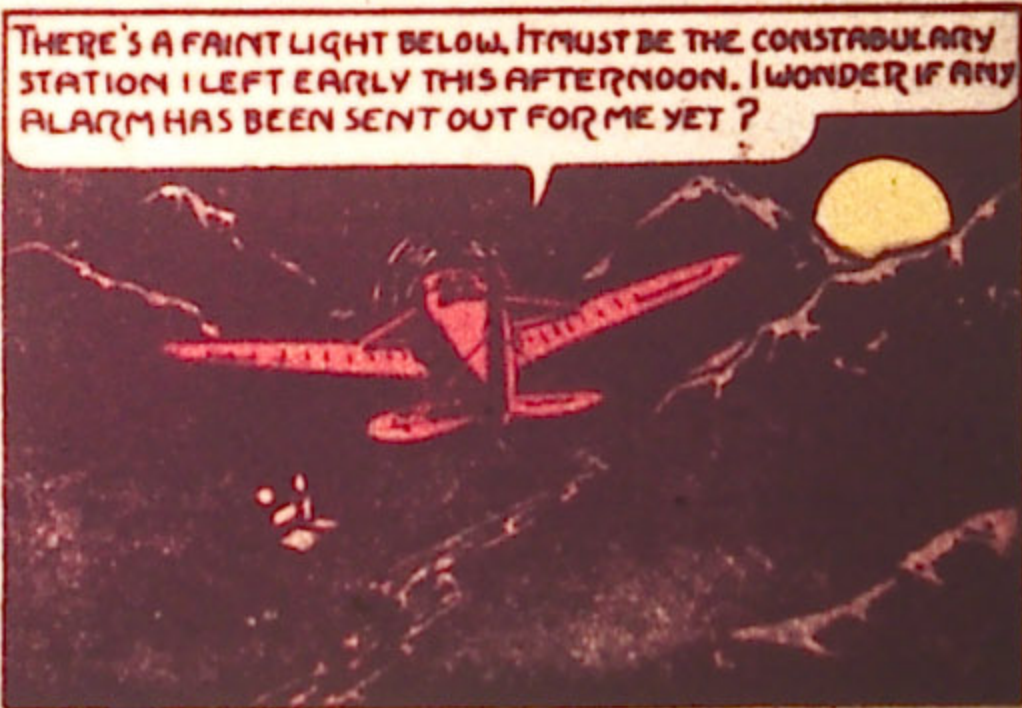
EVEN THOUGH I'M NOT GUILTY I'M HUNTED—WANTED FOR MURDER. I'VE GOT TO CLEAR MYSELF AND THE ONLY WAY I CAN DO IT IS TO BRING BACK THE REAL SMUGGLER.



LATE AFTERNOON SLIPPED INTO DUSK WHICH IN TURN FADED INTO PURPLE BLACK NIGHT. A BIG YELLOW MOON CAME UP AS NELSON'S SHIP SKIMMED THE LONELY AFRICAN SKY.



I'VE GOT TO HAVE GAS—SOON—AND PLENTY OF IT. I'D HATE TO HAVE TO MAKE A FORCED LANDING IN THIS COUNTRY AT NIGHT. IT WOULD BE SUICIDE.



THERE'S A FAINT LIGHT BELOW. IT MUST BE THE CONSTABULARY STATION I LEFT EARLY THIS AFTERNOON. I WONDER IF ANY ALARM HAS BEEN SENT OUT FOR ME YET?



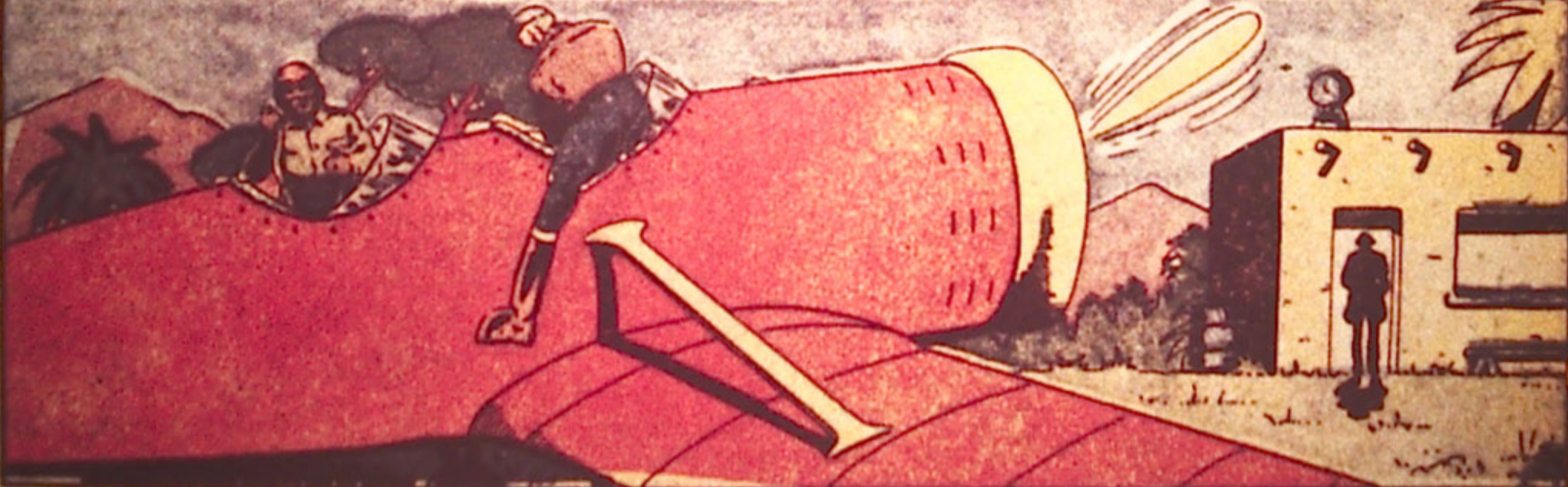
I GUESS IT WILL BE SAFE. I DON'T THINK THERE'S ANY TELEGRAPHIC OR TELEPHONE COMMUNICATION WITH THIS LITTLE OUT POST. NO MATTER - HERE GOES.



IT'S GOING TO BE A TOUGH JOB SETTING THIS SHIP DOWN HERE IN THE DARK. I THINK I SEE WHAT LOOKS TO BE A FAIRLY LEVEL PLAIN.



HE LANDED SAFELY AND STEPPED FROM THE PLANE. HE WAS STIFF AND SORE AND SO HUNGRY IT HURT.



HE HAD NO TROUBLE GETTING GAS. THE STATION KAFFIRS PUT FORTY GALLONS IN THE TANK, AND THREE TEN-GALLON CANS IN THE FRONT COCKPIT. NELSON WALKED TOWARD THE LITTLE BUNKHOUSE.



HELLO YANK! BACK SO SOON?

YEP. I GOT HOME SICK FOR YOUR HOME COOKING.



THE CONSTABLE ON DUTY SEEMED SURPRISED TO SEE HIM AGAIN SO SOON, BUT HE ASKED NO QUESTIONS.

UNGI WAS GIVEN A PLATE OF FOOD WHICH HE TOOK OUT ON THE SMALL PORCH. NELSON ATE AT THE TABLE.

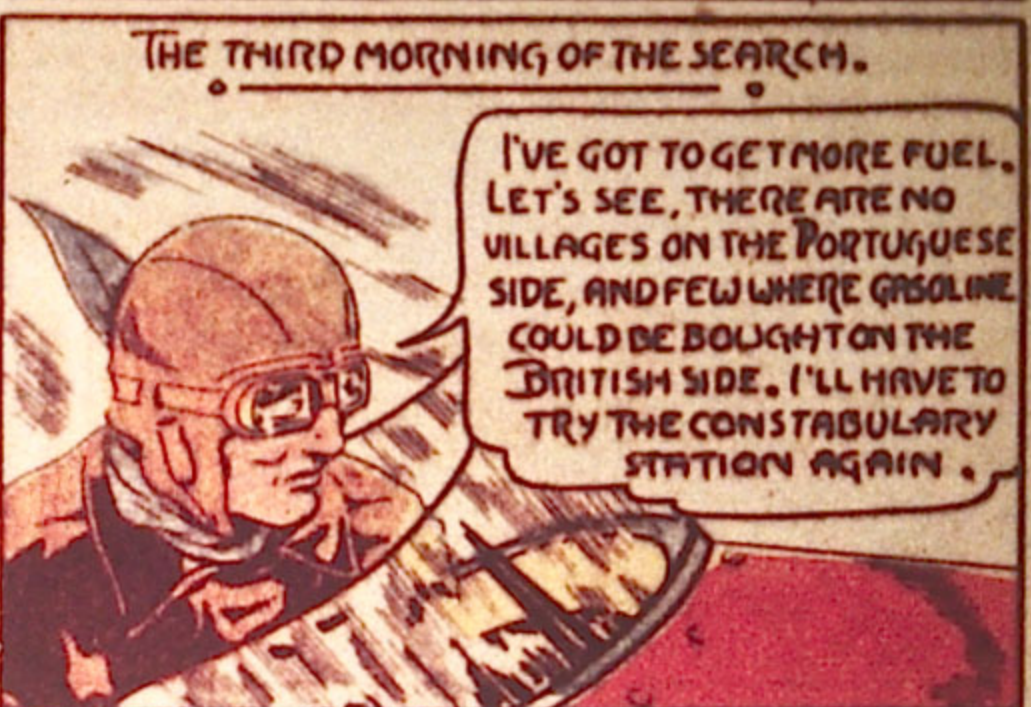
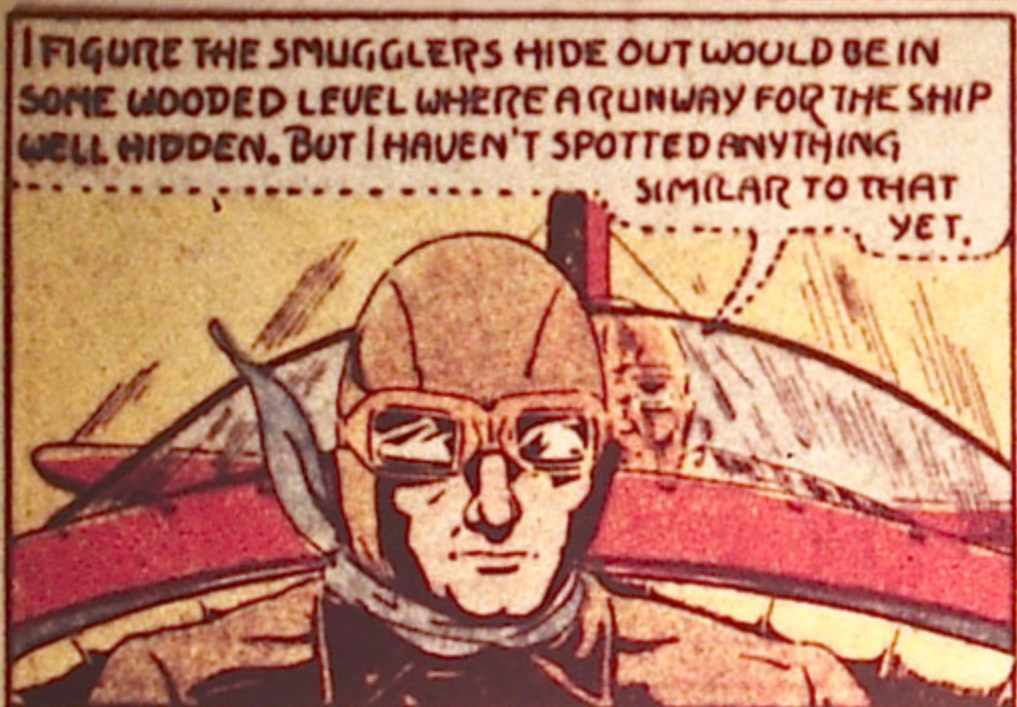
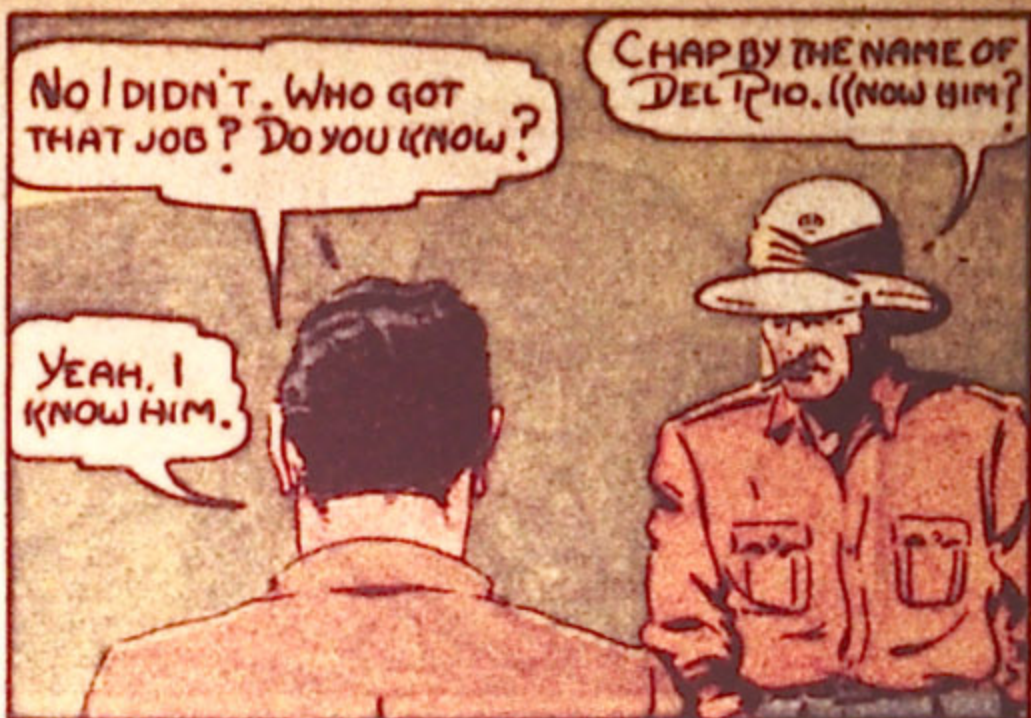


WHERE'S EVERYBODY?

A HELIOGRAPH CAME IN THIS AFTERNOON SAYING THE BLOOMIN' SMUGGLER WAS LEADING FOR JO'BURG. COLONEL ROARK FLEW THERE WITH A CHAP WHO LANDED 'ERE A FEW HOURS AFTER YOU CHECKED OUT.









THEY'LL NO DOUBT DASH ACROSS THE VELD  
IN THAT OLD RATTLE TRAP OF A CAR OF THEIRS TO PICK  
ME UP.



THEY'LL PROBABLY ASK YOU TO DIRECT THEM, BUT  
PRETEND YOU'RE HURT INTERNALLY AND BEG OFF.  
THEN THEY'LL GO WITHOUT YOU. - GOT IT?



SURE HAVE! THEN YOU'LL COME  
AND WE'LL BORROW SOME GAS.  
- WATCH MY SMOKE!

THE ZULU SET OFF AT A LONG LOPE THAT FAIRLY ATE  
UP THE GROUND.



NELSON WAITED FOR AN HOUR AND A QUARTER PACING  
BACK AND FORTH BESIDE HIS PLANE SMOKING  
CIGARETTES.



AT THE END OF THAT TIME HE CLIMBED INTO THE  
COCKPIT AND TOOK OFF.



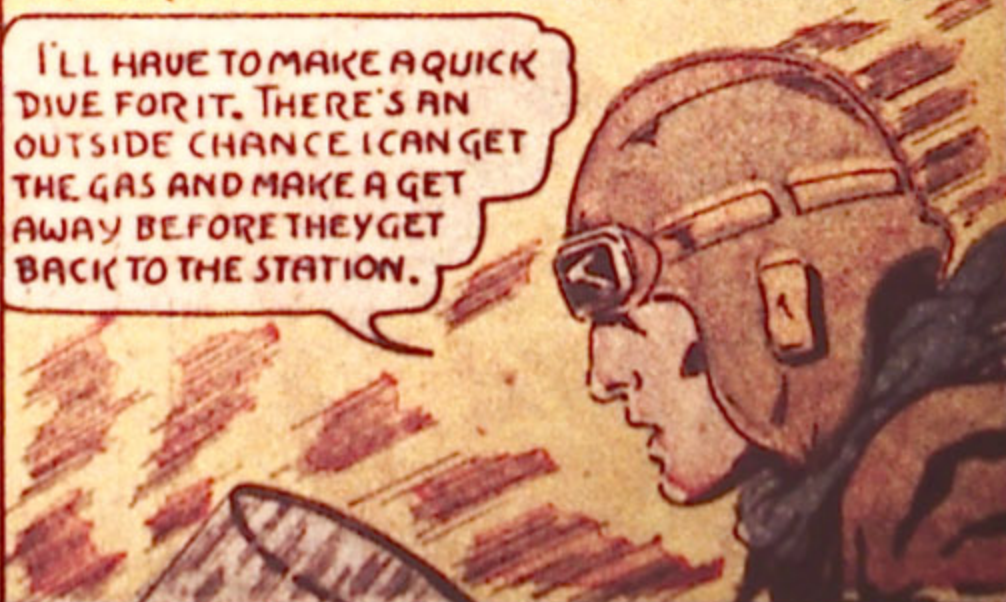
HE WAS ALMOST OVER THE CONSTABULARY STATION  
WHEN HE SPOTTED A CLOUD OF DUST ABOUT TWO MILES  
BEYOND IT.



OF ALL THE CONFOUNDED LUCK - I DIDN'T GIVE THE  
CONSTABLE TIME ENOUGH TO GET FAR ENOUGH AWAY.



THE DUST CLOUD HAD SETTLED AND HE KNEW THE  
DRIVER HAD SEEN HIM AND STOPPED THE CAR.



I'LL HAVE TO MAKE A QUICK  
DIVE FOR IT. THERE'S AN  
OUTSIDE CHANCE I CAN GET  
THE GAS AND MAKE A GET  
AWAY BEFORE THEY GET  
BACK TO THE STATION.



AS NELSON SPUN DOWN FOR A LANDING HE SAW THAT THE CLOUD OF DUST WAS STREAKING BACK TOWARDS THE STATION.



UNGI GRABBED A WING AS THE PLANE BOUNCED TO A HURRIED STOP AND HUNG ON AS BRUCE SWUNG HER AROUND WITHIN REACH OF THE GAS NOSE.



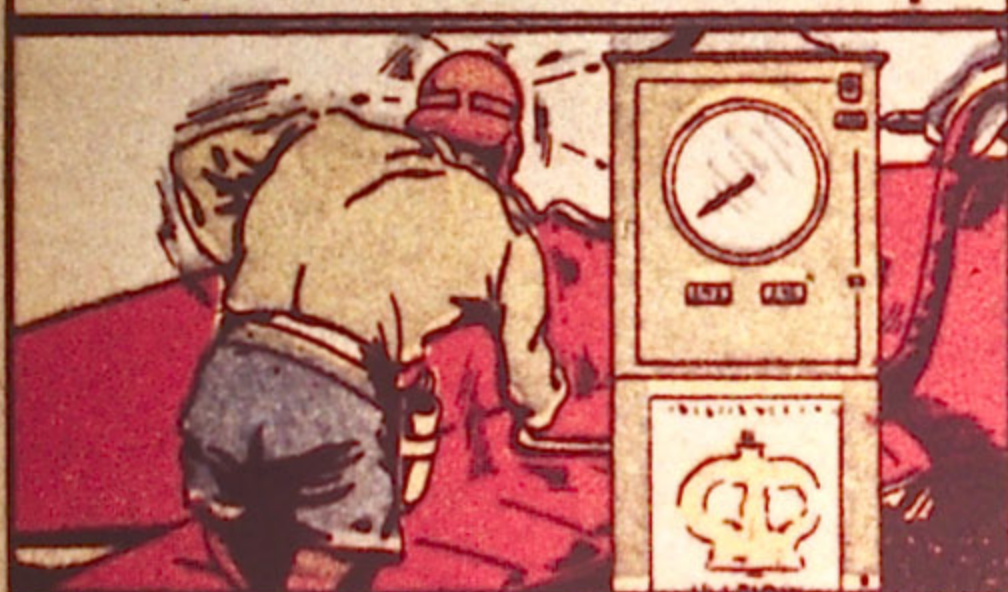
O.K. UNGI, SPIN THAT PUMP FAST. THEY'RE HEADING BACK THIS WAY. WE'VE GOT ABOUT THREE MINUTES.



THE BIG BLACK WHIRLED THE HANDLE. THE GASOLINE SPURTED AND SPLASHED INTO THE THIRSTY TANK.



FIVE GALLONS - TEN GALLONS! UNGI WAS DRIPPING PERSPIRATION - TWENTY GALLONS - THIRTY!



NELSON GLANCED OVER HIS SHOULDER. THE OLD CAR WAS MAKING REMARKABLE TIME AND WAS ONLY ABOUT A HALF A MILE AWAY.



UNGI'S EYES WERE POPING AND HE WAS PARTING HEAVILY. - THIRTY-THREE GALLONS, - FOUR-THIRTY-FIVE!



IT'S THAT CURSED YANKEE AND THAT ZULU STEALING OUR GAS. THEY CAN'T GET AWAY WITH THAT!





THE RIFLE CRACKED AND A BULLET WHISTLED PAST NELSON'S EAR.

THAT'S ENOUGH UNGI!  
WE'VE GOT TO SCRAM!



UNGI SPUN THE PROP, NELSON CHOKED THE CARBURETOR AND SEVERAL RIFLE SHOTS FLEW DANGEROUSLY NEAR.

ZING -

CONTACT!

ZING -

ZING -



THE MOTOR ROARED. UNGI SWUNG TO A WING THEN INTO THE REAR COCKPIT AS THE PLANE TRUNDLED ACROSS THE FIELD AND THEN ROSE SWIFTLY INTO THE CLOUDS. —



SHOUTS AND CURSES PURSUED THEM. SEVERAL RIFLE BULLETS CRACKED PAST.



NOW WE'RE IN IT GOOD UNGI. WE'RE THIEVES AS WELL AS SMUGGLERS AND MURDERERS!



THERE IS CONSOLATION MR. BRUCE. THEY CAN ONLY HANG US FOR ONE CRIME. THE REST ARE ON THE HOUSE.



NELSON SET THE SHIP DOWN THAT NIGHT ON THE OPEN VELD AS HE HAD DONE THE TWO PREVIOUS NIGHTS.



WELL TWO HOURS AGO OUR PROBLEM WAS FUEL FOR THE PLANE NOW IT'S FUEL FOR OUR STOMACH. WE'VE GOT TO ROUND UP THE GUILTY PARTY SOON. I'M PRETTY SICK OF THIS DODGING FROM TREE TO TREE.



CONTINUED



# Buck MARSHALL

Range  
Detective

BY H. FLEMING

## - THE RIGHT TRAIL -

RIDING OVER A ROUGH MOUNTAIN-WAY, WITH WIND AND RAIN SLASHING AT HIS HEAD AND SHOULDERS, BUCK PULLS DOWN THE BRIM OF HIS WATER-SOAKED HAT AND GENTLY URGES HIS BRONCO ON.

IT IS BUT A SHORT TIME BEFORE NIGHT. FALL AND HEAVY STORM CLOUDS CAUSE IT TO BE DARKER THAN USUAL AT THIS HOUR OF THE DAY —

TAKE IT EASY, PEPPER,  
WE'LL TRY TO BURROW IN  
SOMEWHERE'S UNTIL  
THIS INFERNAL BLOW  
IS OVER.

AS THE  
TRAIL  
CROSSES  
A  
STONE  
STREWN  
PASTURE,  
BUCK  
MAKES  
OUT THE  
OUTLINE  
OF A  
GATE  
A  
SHORT  
DISTANCE  
AHEAD

I MUST HAVE TAKEN THE  
WRONG FORK IN THE TRAIL—  
BLAMED IF I'M NOT LOST—  
I DIDN'T EXPECT TO RUN  
INTO A SPREAD HERE —  
MAYBE WE CAN PUT UP AT THE  
HOUSE FOR THE  
NIGHT

BUCK  
DISMOUNTS  
TO OPEN  
THE GATE—  
SUDDENLY,  
HE SEES  
THE  
OUTLINE  
OF A  
MOUNTED  
FIGURE—  
THE NEXT  
INSTANT,  
A BULLET  
WHISTLES  
CLOSE  
TO HIS  
HEAD

BUCK'S GUN FAIRLY LEAPS INTO HIS HAND  
— HE FIRES AT A POINT OF FLAME, BUT  
A SPLIT SECOND AFTER HE FIRES, ANOTHER  
SHOT COMES FROM A POSITION ON HIS LEFT —

BUCK  
CROUCHES  
LOW,  
AWAITING  
RETURN  
FIRE—  
HE  
WAITS  
SEVERAL  
MINUTES,  
THEN  
HE  
CRAWLS  
FORWARD,  
VERY  
CAUTIOUSLY

I WONDER IF I COULD  
HAVE NAILED HIM —  
I'LL WATCH OUT FOR  
TRICKS, THOUGH!

THERE'S THE JIGGER LYING BEHIND  
THAT BUSH — LOOKS LIKE  
HE'S CASHED IN —  
I'LL KEEP MY GUN  
ON HIM, THOUGH

A LIGHTNING FLASH SHOWS THE CRUMPLED  
FORM OF A MAN LYING FACE DOWN BEHIND  
A LARGE BUSH!



BUCK CLOSELY WATCHES THE SPRAWLED FIGURE FOR A FEW MINUTES THEN ADVANCES FROM BEHIND —



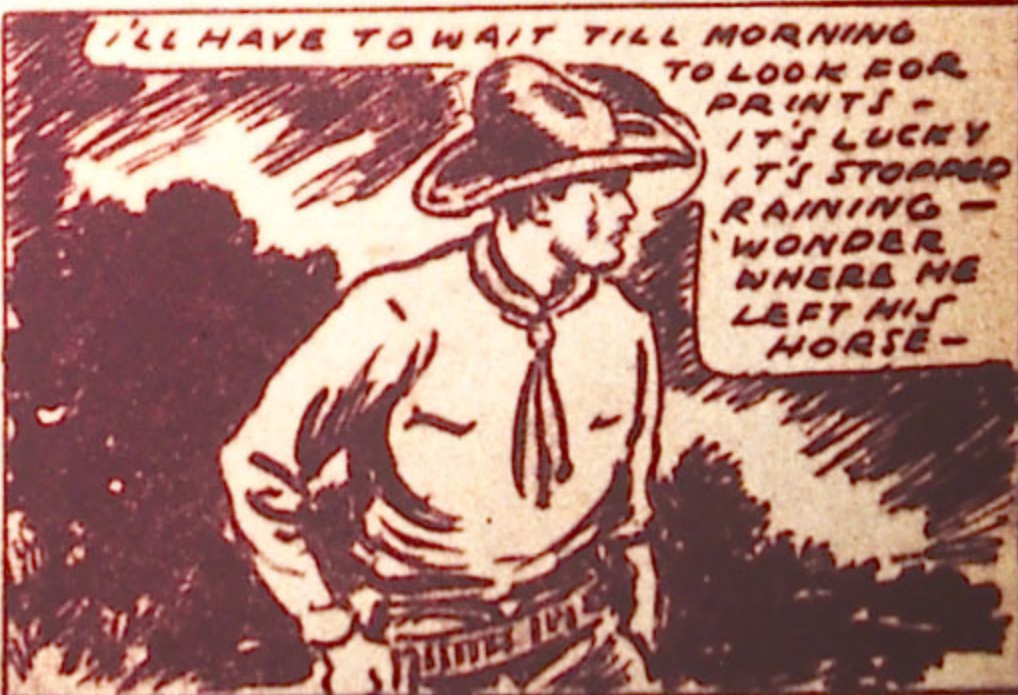
WATCH YOURSELF HOMER, I'VE GOT YOU COVERED



LOOKS LIKE HE'S CASHED IN - GREAT SCOTT! A DEPUTY'S BADGE!

WHEN THE FELLOW DOESN'T MOVE, BUCK STOOPS AND TURNS HIM OVER - PINNED ON THE INSIDE OF HIS COAT LAPEL IS A DEPUTY'S BADGE —

SOMETHING QUEER ABOUT THIS - THE BULLET THAT FINISHED HIM ENTERED AT THE BASE OF HIS SKULL ON THE RIGHT SIDE - IT CERTAINLY WASN'T MY SLUG



I'LL HAVE TO WAIT TILL MORNING TO LOOK FOR PRINTS - IT'S LUCKY IT'S STOPPED RAINING - WONDER WHERE HE LEFT HIS HORSE -

BUCK IS ABOUT TO LOOK FOR THE DEPUTY'S HORSE WHEN HE HEARS FOOT STEPS BEHIND HIM -



GRAB AIR, YOU LIET'EM HIGH! - GET HIS HARDWARE, SPECK!



NOW THEN, SUPPOSE YUH EXPLAIN WHAT YORE DOIN' ON THIS RANGE - MAYBE YER JEST TRYIN' OUT A NEW GUN, EH?



NO - THE FACT IS, I WAS TRAVELLING PEACEFUL ENOUGH, WHEN THIS DEPUTY STARTS TO SMOKE ME UP - HE GOT THE WORST OF THE ARGUMENT, THAT'S ALL



ON YEH? WELL IT AINT POSSIBLE THAT YUH MIGHT BE ON THE DODGE, IS IT? GENTS DONT USUALLY GUN THE LAW UNLESS THEY ARE - WHAT DO YOU SAY, SPECK?

HE, AINT TELLIN' ALL -



WITH A SUDDEN HUNCH THAT THESE TWO MAY BE RUSTLERS, BUCK DECIDES TO LET THEM BELIEVE HE'S AN OUTLAW.

WELL, THERE WAS A LITTLE TROUBLE DOWN BLACK RIVER VALLEY WAY - HE MUST HAVE TRAILED ME - IT WAS EITHER HIM OR ME

THAT JIGGER WASN'T ANY TOO WELL LIKED AROUND HERE - IT'S HIS OWN FAULT FER FIRIN' ON YUH - LOOKIN' FER A JOB? I'M RAMROODIN' THIS SPREAD HERE - THE Y-6



BUCK READILY ACCEPTS THE OFFER - THEY LOAD THE DEPUTY'S BODY ON HIS OWN HORSE AND START FOR THE RANCH HOUSE

SPECK IS GOIN' TO DROP THE DEPUTY ALONG THE CANYON TRAIL WHERE THE SHERIFF WILL FIND HIM -



THE SHERIFF DON'T HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT THIS KILLIN' LONG AS YOU WORK ALONG WITH US - IT'S A LOCKED-UP SECRET. SAVVY?



ARRIVING AT THE HOUSE THEY UNSADDLE THEIR HORSES AND GO INSIDE -

I'LL WRASSLE UP SOME GRUB, THEN WE'LL SET DOWN AN TALK THINGS OVER



TOMORROW, SPECK IS DRIVIN' OUT SOME STOCK - YOU GO WITH HIM - KEEP YORE MOUTH CLOSED AN' DO WHAT YORE TOLD - WHEN YUH GET BACK, YUH GET YORE

SPLIT OF THE DINERO, SAVVY?



YEH, I THINK I SEE

IT'S GETTIN' LATE AN' YOU LEAVE AT DAYBREAK. YUH BETTER TURN IN - THERE'S A COT AGAINST THE WALL IN THAT ROOM -

O.K. QUOSS I WILL



BUCK SITS ON THE SIDE OF THE COT AND STARTS TO PULL OFF HIS BOOTS. WHEN HE HEARS SPECK'S VOICE IN THE OTHER ROOM.

WHAT'S THE IDEA, TAKIN' THIS JASPER IN? TAINT SAFE I TELL YUH - I'M PULLIN' MY FREIGHT OUT O' HERE AFTER THIS JOB!

YORE STAYIN' RIGHT HERE WHETHER YUH LIKE IT OR NOT, OR I TELL WHAT I KNOW





WHEN THOSE TWO BUZZARDS ARE ASLEEP, I'LL TAKE THE LANTERN AND LOOK FOR TRACKS - TOMORROW WILL BE TOO LATE!



SOUNDS LIKE THEY'RE ASLEEP NOW - NOW IF I CAN OPEN THE WINDOW WITHOUT THEM HEARING -



GETTING OUT OF THE WINDOW, BUCK EXAMINES THE TRACKS AROUND THE HOUSE, THEN MAKES HIS WAY TO THE GATE

I'VE FOUND OUT ONE THING THAT MAY HELP - ONE HORSE HAS A BROKEN SHOE - TOO RISKY TO LOOK AT THE HORSE NOW.



HERE'S WHERE I FOUND THE DEPUTY - FROM BEHIND THOSE BOULDERS YONDER IS WHERE THAT OTHER SHOT CAME FROM!



REACHING THE CLUMP OF BOULDERS BUCK SEARCHES AROUND FOR FOOT-PRINTS -

I OUGHT TO FIND SOME TRACKS HERE



HERE ARE THE TRACKS OF THE KILLER! - HIS HORSE HAD A BROKEN SHOE - LEFT HIND HOOF -



SUDDENLY BUCK BLOW OUT THE LANTERN AS HE THINKS HE HEARS A TWIG SNAP UNDER A FOOT - HE LISTENS INTENTLY FOR SEVERAL MINUTES -

LIKELY SOME ANIMAL



NOW, I'VE GOT TO ACT QUICKLY - I PASSED A RANGER STATION ON THAT RIDGE - THERE WOULD BE A TELEPHONE IN IT -





STOPPING TO WATCH HIS BACK TRAIL EVERY NOW AND THEN, BUCK REACHES THE RANGERS CABIN -



DOOR IS PADLOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE, WHICH MEANS THAT NOBODY'S HOME. IT WILL BE EASIER TO TRY A WINDOW -



SHUCKS - I DON'T SEE THE TELEPHONE - MAYBE IT'S IN THE BACK ROOM.

WITHOUT MUCH DIFFICULTY, BUCK FORCES OPEN THE SIDE WINDOW -



O.K. THERE'S THE 'PHONE. HOPE IT'S WORKING

LIFTING THE RECEIVER FROM THE HOOK, BUCK RINGS CENTRAL - HE IS RELIEVED TO FIND THAT IT IS WORKING -



CONNECT ME WITH THE SHERIFF'S HOME AT SAGE CITY. KEEP RINGING UNTIL HE ANSWERS.

IN A SHORT TIME BUCK GETS THE SHERIFF ON THE WIRE - WHILE HE IS BUSY TALKING, HE DOES NOT HEAR ANOTHER MAN ENTERING THROUGH THE WINDOW -



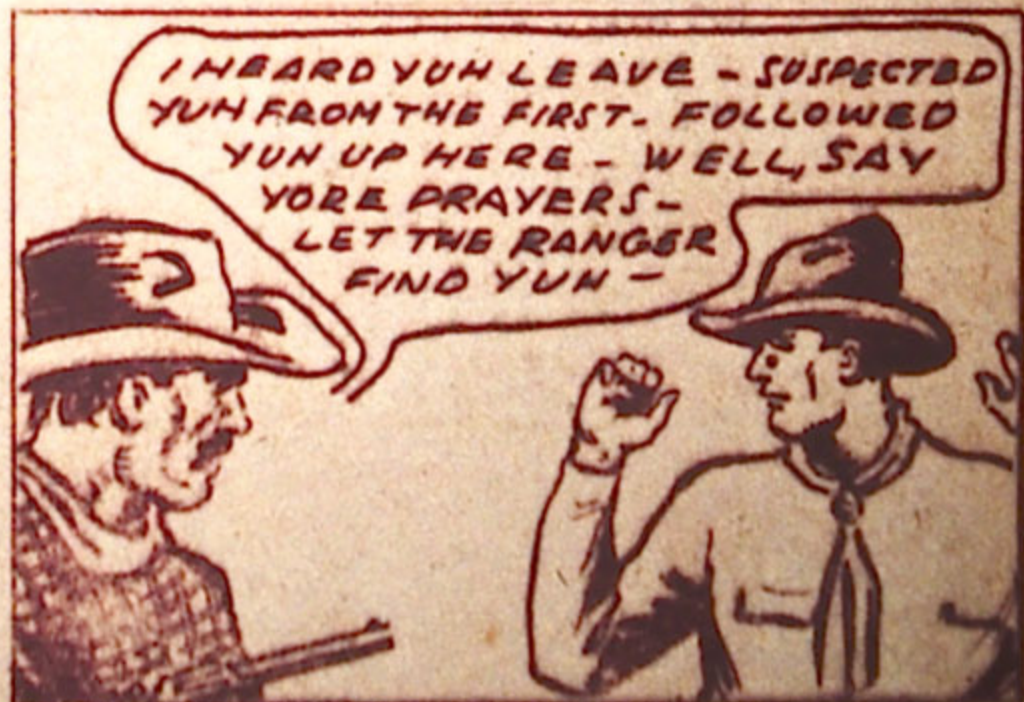
THE SCRAPING OF A BOOT ON THE FLOOR CAUSES BUCK TO WHIRL AROUND - STANDING BACK OF HIM IS SPECK AIMING HIS GUN AT HIS HEAD.



DROP THAT RECEIVER - REACH.



STAR-TOTER EH? I'M GOIN' TO BLAST DAYLIGHT THROUGH YUH! SKUNK -



I HEARD YUH LEAVE - SUSPECTED YUH FROM THE FIRST. FOLLOWED YUH UP HERE - WELL, SAY YORE PRAYERS - LET THE RANGER FIND YUH -



SUDDENLY  
A GUST  
OF WIND  
BLOWS  
THE  
WINDOW  
SHUTTER  
CLOSED  
WITH A  
BANG!  
STARTLED  
SPECK  
TURNS  
HIS EYES  
FOR  
JUST THE  
FRACTION  
OF A  
SECOND



LIKE  
A  
THUNDER  
BOLT,  
BUCK'S  
BOOT  
SHOOTS  
FORWARD,  
CRACKING  
SPECK'S  
KNEE  
WITH  
THE  
KICK  
OF  
A  
STALLION

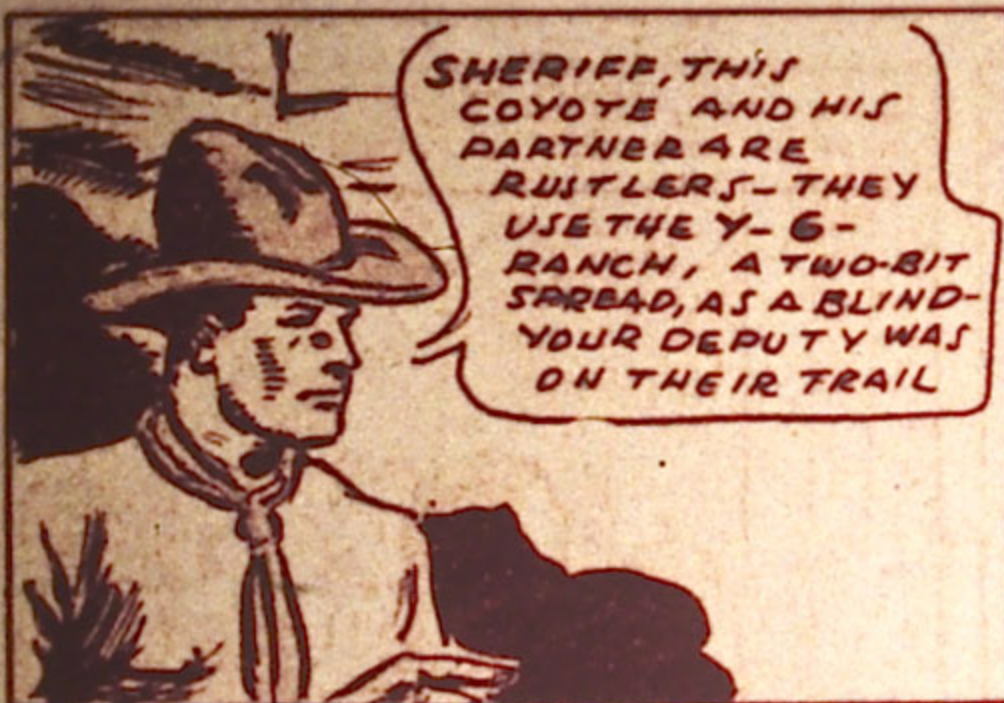


SPECK  
LANDS  
ON HIS  
BACK  
FROM  
A BLOW  
TO HIS  
JAW -  
A  
MOMENT  
LATER  
THE  
SHERIFF  
SHOVES  
HIS  
HEAD  
THROUGH  
THE  
DOOR



HELLO BUCK!  
I GOT HERE  
AS SOON  
AS I COULD!

HERE HE  
IS SHERIFF  
JUST KNOCKED  
HIM OUT -  
HIS PARTNER  
IS SNORING  
AWAY DOWN  
ON THE  
Y-6-



SHERIFF, THIS  
COYOTE AND HIS  
PARTNER ARE  
RUSTLERS - THEY  
USE THE Y-6-  
RANCH, A TWO-BIT  
SPREAD, AS A BLIND-  
YOUR DEPUTY WAS  
ON THEIR TRAIL



THEY WERE GETTING  
READY TO DRIVE OUT A  
HERD OF RUSTLED STOCK  
YOUR DEPUTY MUST HAVE  
HAD THE GOODS ON THEM -  
MISTAKING ME FOR ONE OF  
THEM - HE FIRED ON ME  
- THIS BUZZARD  
DRILLED HIM  
FROM BEHIND



HOW DID YOU PIN  
THE SHOOTING ON  
HIM BUCK?

BY HOOE  
TRACKS -  
HIS HORSE  
IS WEARING  
A BROKEN  
SHOE



COME ON YOU, WE'LL GET  
BACK TO THE Y-6- BEFORE  
THAT OTHER SIDEWINDER  
WAKES UP -



# SLAM BRADLEY

## GETS THE AIR

SIEGEL and  
SHUSTER

Hired to track down a mysterious unknown killer of radio stars, SLAM and Shorty proceed to tumble in and out of tight situations as is their usual custom.

MARIA BORGIO, GUEST-SINGER ON WEPW, IS SCORING A SENSATIONAL BROADCAST...



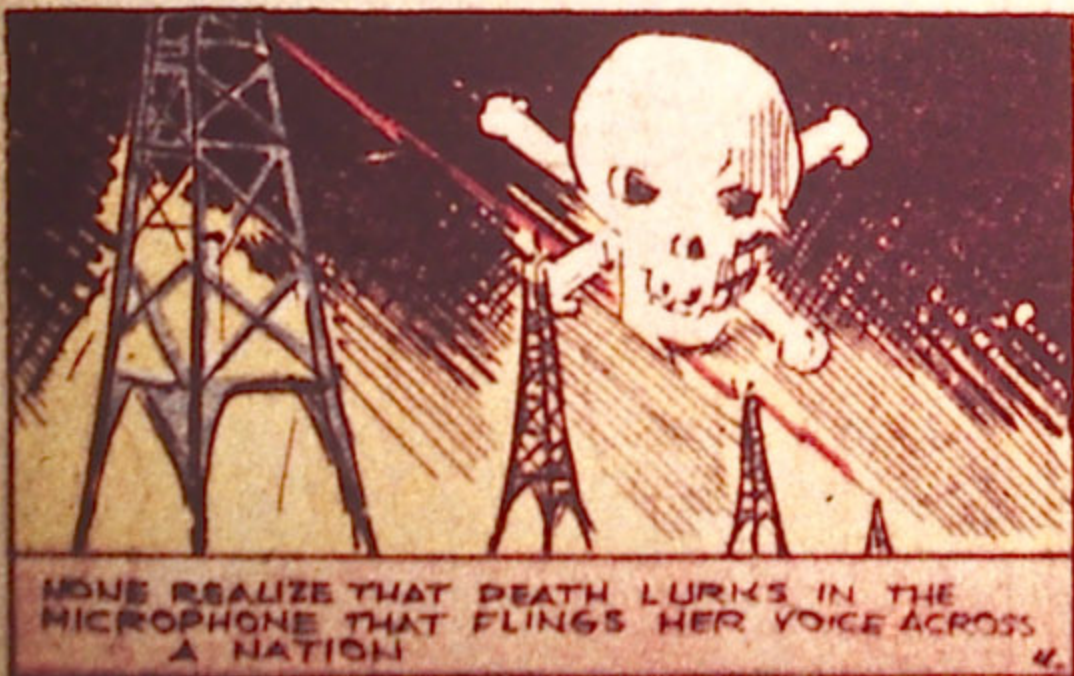
... THE STUDIO AUDIENCE IS SWAYED BY THE BEAUTY OF HER SUPERB VOICE, AS IT RISES HIGHER... HIGHER...



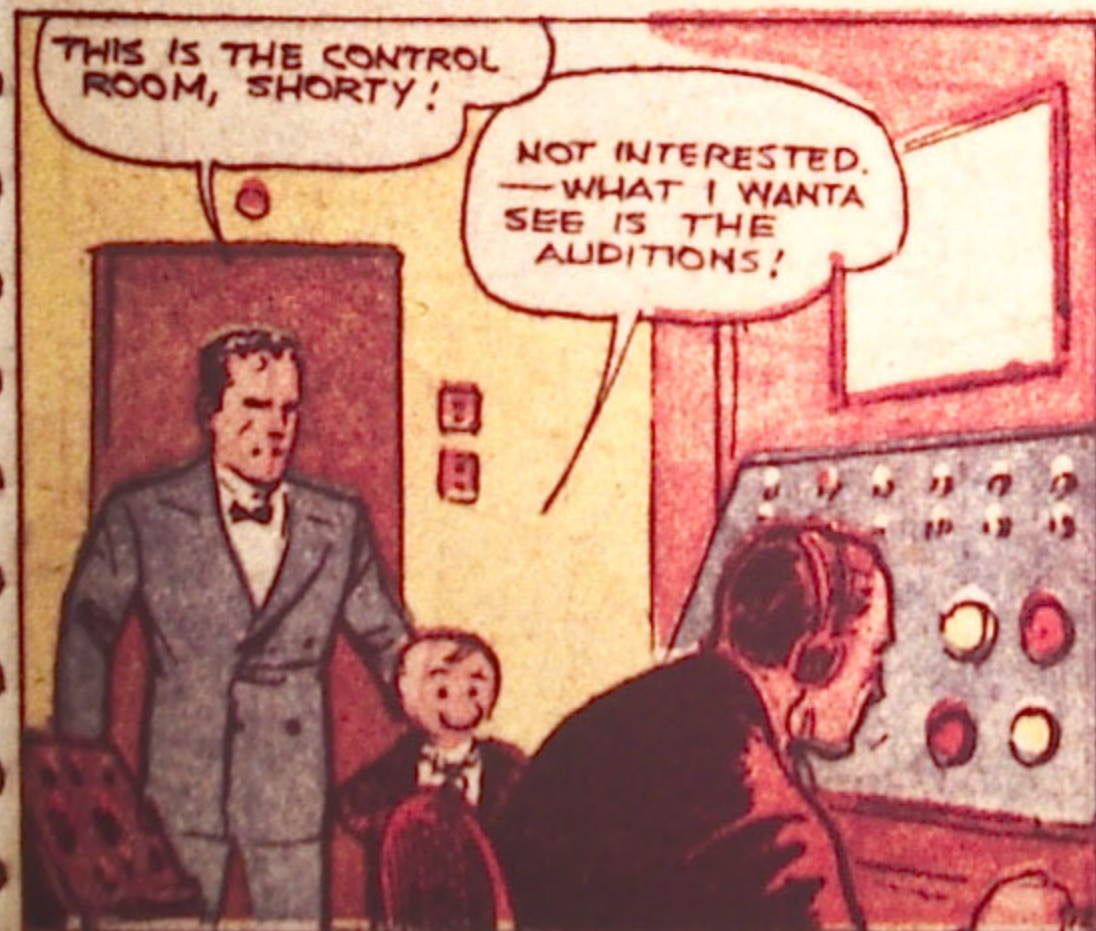
AS MARIA'S VOICE STRIKES A TRIUMPHANT "HIGH C", THE MICROPHONE EXPLODES IN A HAIL OF METALIC DEATH-DEALING FRAGMENTS



NONE REALIZE THAT DEATH LURKS IN THE MICROPHONE THAT FLINGS HER VOICE ACROSS A NATION









AT LENGTH, SLAM IS CALLED UPON TO SING

OUT OF THE NIGHT THAT COVERS ME -- BLACK AS --



GOSH! WITH A VOICE LIKE THAT, SLAM OUGHTA QUIT DETECTING, AN' TAKE UP SINGIN' AS A CAREER!



SPLENDID! -- YOU'RE HIRED!

IF YA THINK HE'S GOOD, WAIT'LL YA SEE ME!



SHORTY GETS HIS BIG CHANCE

—ASLEEP IN TH' DEEP! — BE-WARE! BE-WARE BEE — WA-AAR-RE



I THINK YOU'LL DO!

WHADAYOU MEAN 'THINK'? — I WAS SWELL!!



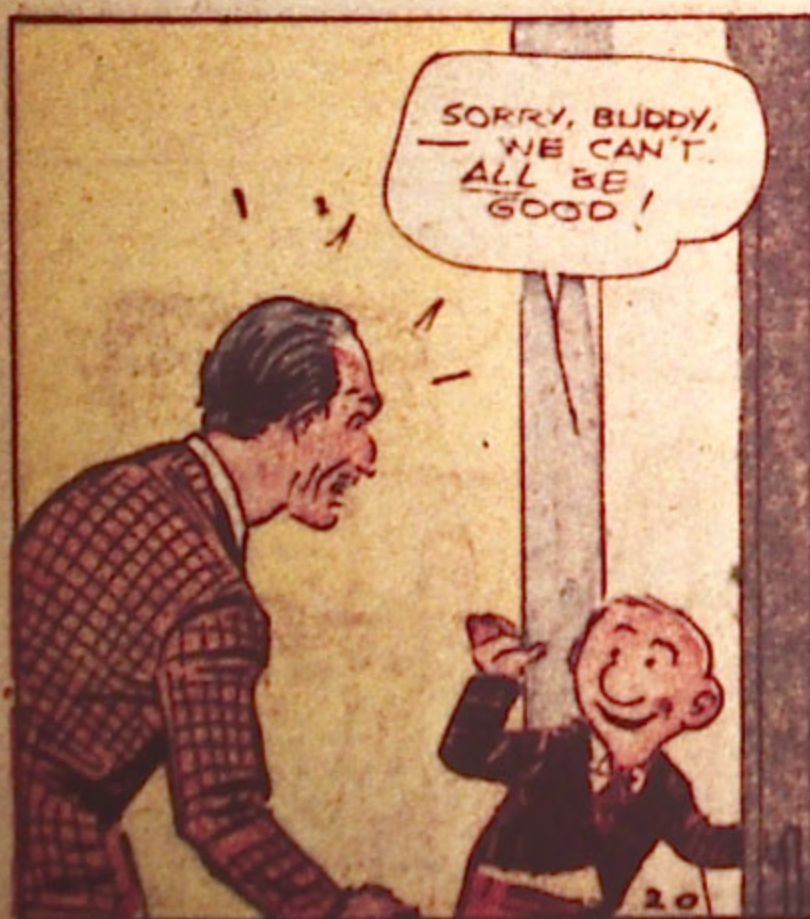
ONE OF THE OTHER ASPIRANTS INTERRUPTS --

HE EES TERRIBLE! — WHY YOU TAKE HEEM AN' NOT ME? ALWAYS YOU TELL ME COME BACK LATER!

YOU'VE A TRICK VOICE THAT CAN GO EXCEPTIONALLY HIGH OR LOIN, RAMON, BUT WE CAN'T USE IT AT THE PRESENT MOMENT!

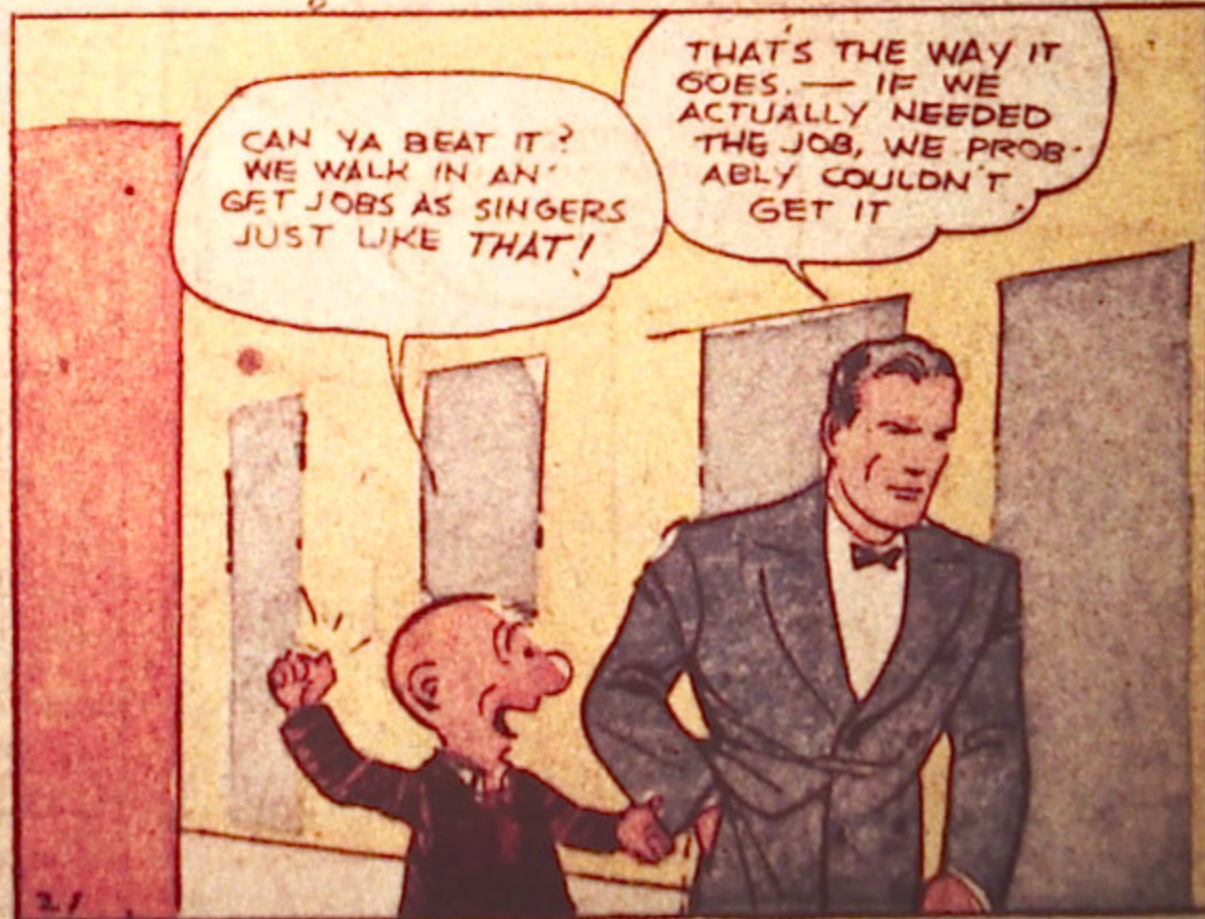


SORRY, BUDDY, — WE CAN'T ALL BE GOOD!



CAN YA BEAT IT? WE WALK IN AN' GET JOBS AS SINGERS JUST LIKE THAT!

THAT'S THE WAY IT GOES. — IF WE ACTUALLY NEEDED THE JOB, WE PROBABLY COULDN'T GET IT





LATER . . .

SHORTY, I --  
SAY! WHAT'S THE  
IDIA OF WALKING  
BY WITHOUT  
ANSWERING!

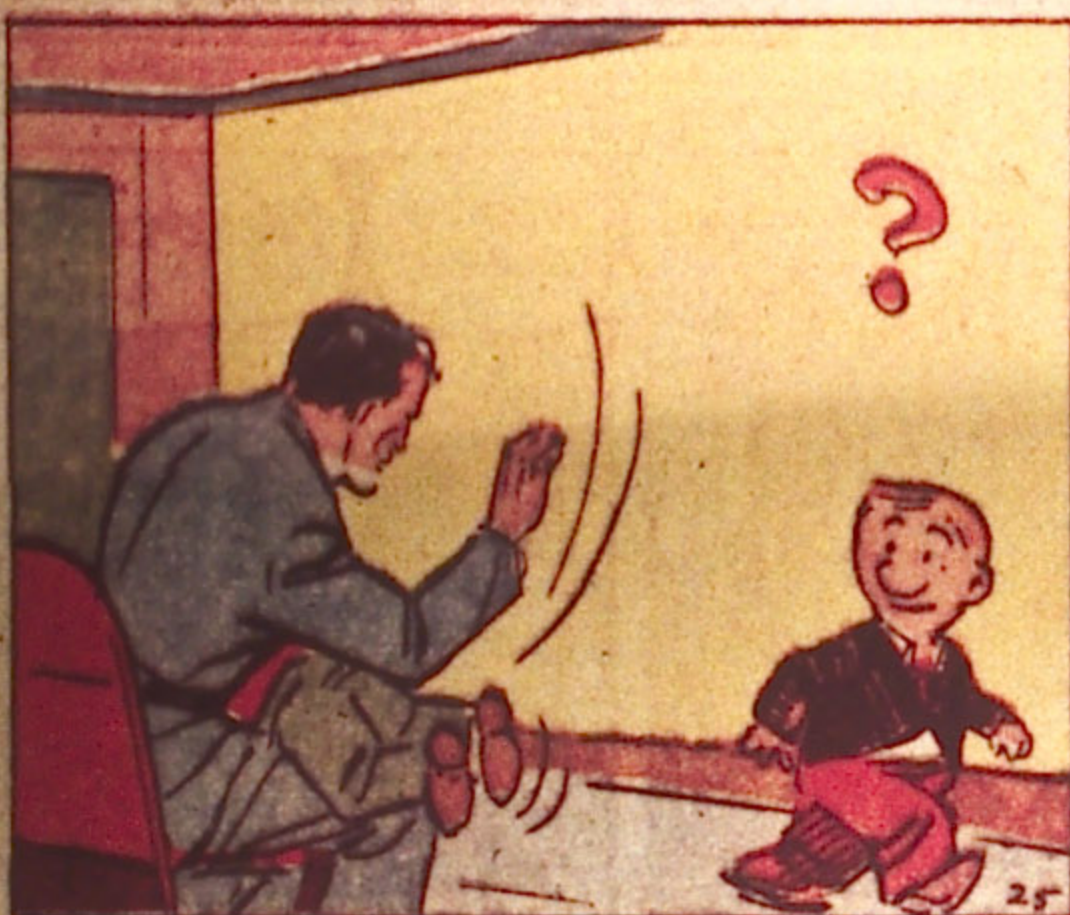


I GET IT! HIS  
BEING HIRED AS A  
SINGER HAS GONE  
TO HIS HEAD.  
WELL, I'LL FIX THAT!



OH, SO YOU CAN  
TALK, AFTER ALL!

HEY! —  
OUCH! LET  
ME GO!



WOT RE  
YA DOIN'?

SHORTY! —  
THEN WHO --??  
WHAT --??



SPORTY!

SHORTY!



SLAM, MEET MY  
TWIN-BROTHER,  
SPORTY, FROM  
SAN FRANCISCO!



BUT WHAT  
ARE YA DOIN'  
HERE IN  
CLEVELAND?

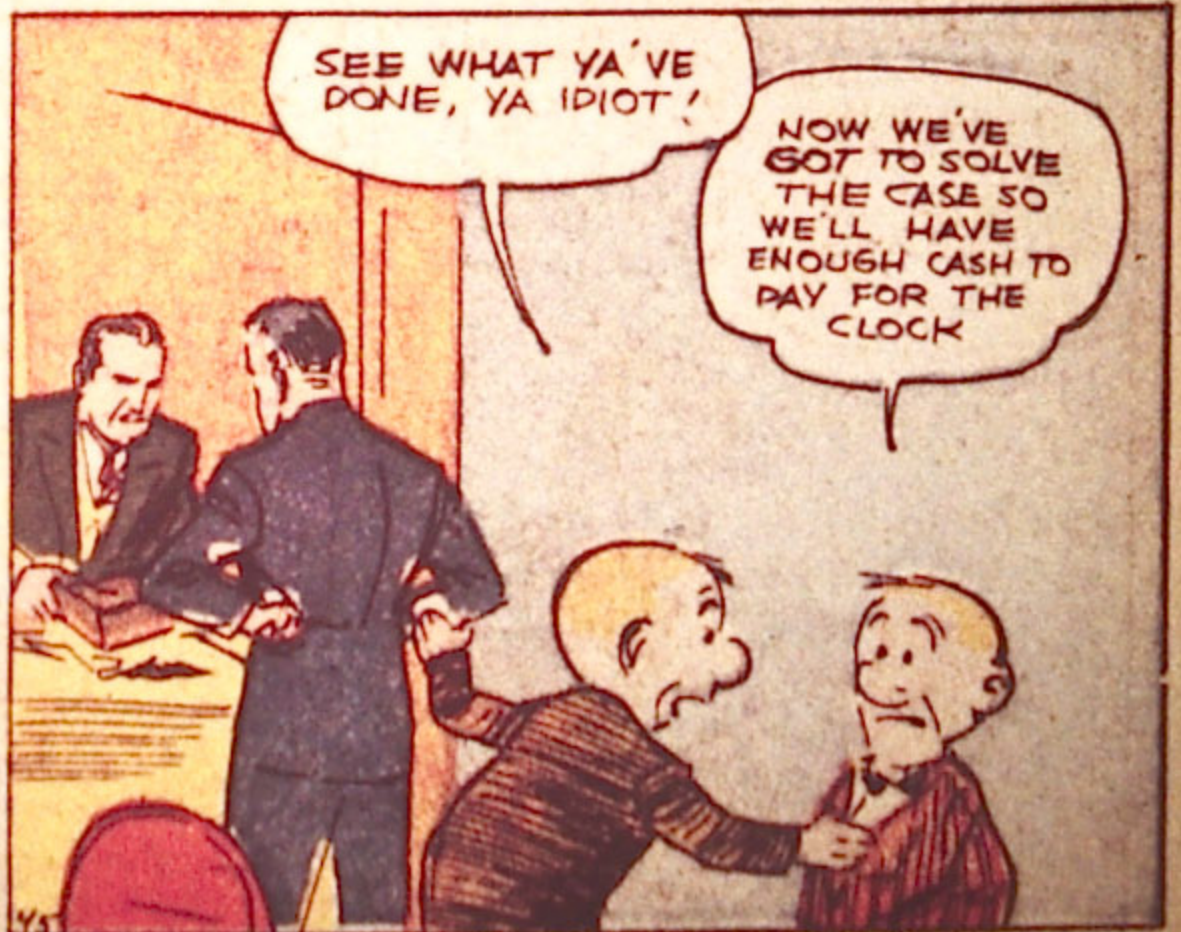
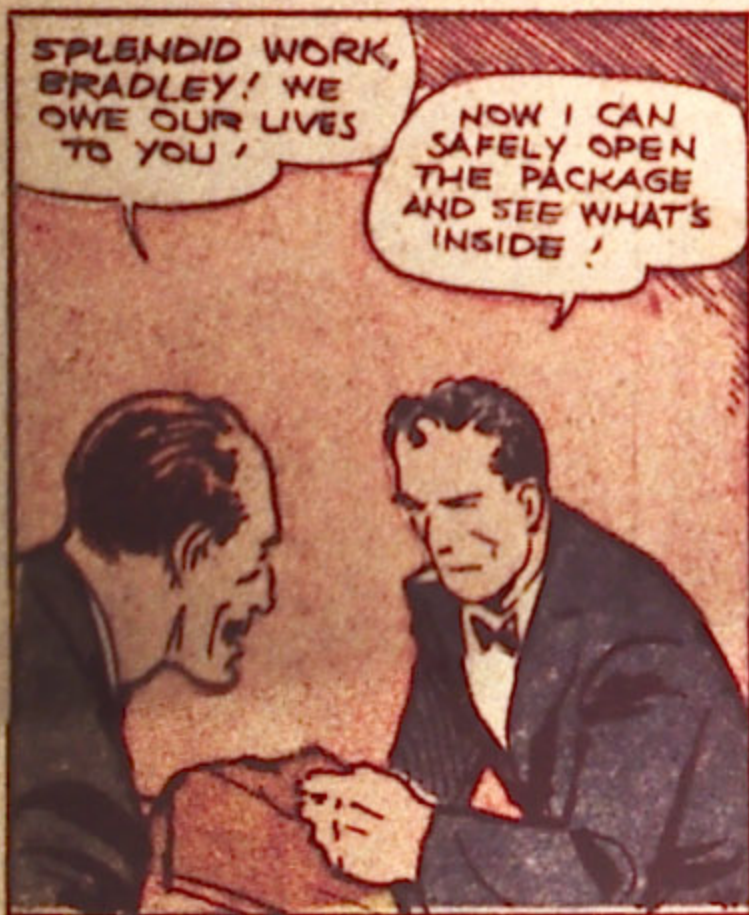
I'VE DECIDED  
TO HELP YOU  
AND SLAM  
SOLVE MYSTER-  
IES!













SHORTY  
IS  
SUMMONED  
TO THE  
MANAGER'S  
OFFICE...

IT'S DEFINITELY SETTLED!  
YOU'RE TO SING ON OUR  
VARIETY PROGRAM  
TOMORROW!

GEE!  
THAT'S  
SWELL!

BOY! AM I FEELIN'  
FINE! — TOMORROW  
NIGHT I BECOMIN'  
A RADIO IDOL!

—PARDON!

DID I HEAR CORRECT,  
PLEASE? YOU SAY  
YOU ARE SEENGING  
TOMORROW NIGHT?

OH, IT'S  
YOU!

THAT'S RIGHT, RAMON!  
AND ON THE VARIETY  
PROGRAM, TOO! —  
I GUESS YOU MUST  
FEEL PRETTY  
JEALOUS, EH?

ME, JEALOUS? NO, NO!  
I AM GLAD, VER' GLAD,  
FOR YOU! — BUT  
WOULD YOU DO ME  
A FAVOR?

I GUESS I CAN  
BE BIG-HEARTED,  
TOO. — SURE.  
WHAT DO YOU  
WANT ME TO DO?

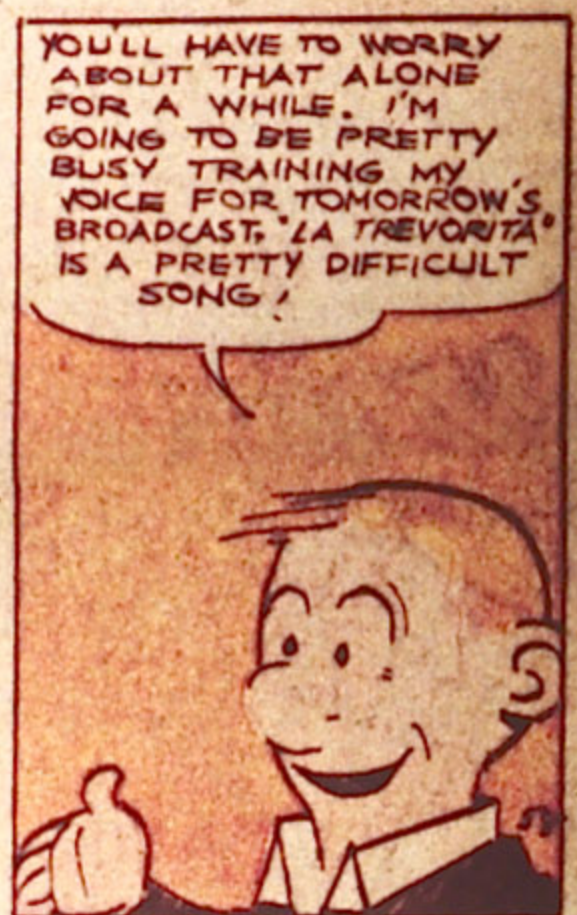
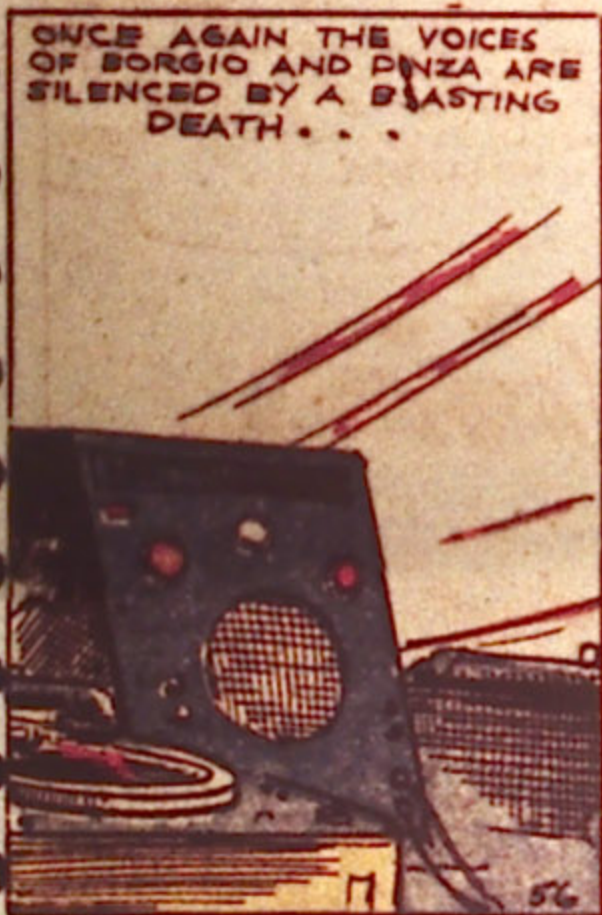
THIS SONG.  
WILL YOU SEENG  
IT, PLEASE?  
IT IS MY  
FAVORITE!

LA TREVORITA,  
EH? — OK,  
I'LL SING IT!

GOOD!

VER', VER' GOOD!  
-- HEH! HEH!







NEXT EVENING, SHORTY COMPLETES HIS REHEARSALS, ASSISTED BY SPORTY.

WHAT A VOICE!  
— GOSH, SHORTY!  
YOU'LL KNOCK 'EM  
IN THE AISLES!

WHADAYUHMEAN  
IN TH' AISLES? I'LL  
KNOCK 'EM CLEAR  
OUTA TH'  
BUILDING!

AREN'T YA  
COMIN' TO TH'  
STUDIO WITH  
US, SLAM?

I'VE SOME INVESTIGATING  
TO DO, FIRST. BUT I'LL  
SHOW UP IN TIME FOR  
YOUR BROADCAST.  
GOOD LUCK, SHORTY!

AFTER AN HOUR OF FRUIT-  
LESS DETECTING, SLAM  
PHONES WFPW ON A HUNCH

BRADLEY SPEAKING,  
LET ME KNOW THE NAME,  
ADDRESS, ASPIRATIONS,  
AND OCCUPATION OF EVERY  
APPLICANT FOR A RADIO JOB!

AMONG THE RECITED NAMES --

-- RAMON GONZALES, 4319  
THIRD STREET, WOULD-BE  
OPERA SINGER OF UNUSUAL  
VOICE-RANGE, AT PRESENT  
A MECHANIC --

RAMON! — THAT'S THE NUT  
WHO BURNED-UP AT BEING  
CONTINUALLY TURNED DOWN!  
I WONDER . . .

COME TO THINK OF IT,  
EVERY SINGER KILLED,  
SANG CLASSICAL SONGS;  
CROONERS WENT UN-  
HARMED. — PERHAPS  
RAMON CAN TELL ME  
WHY!

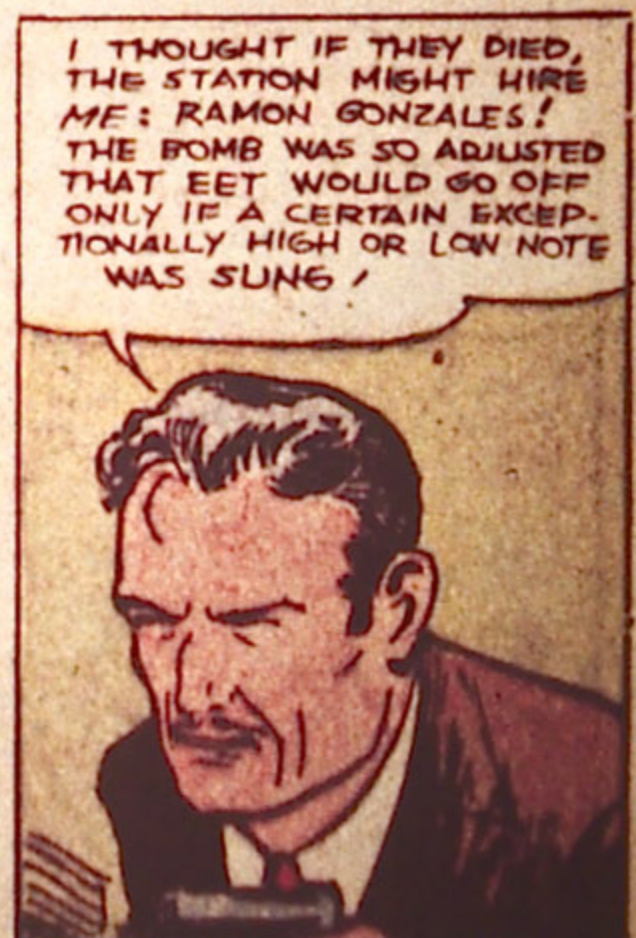
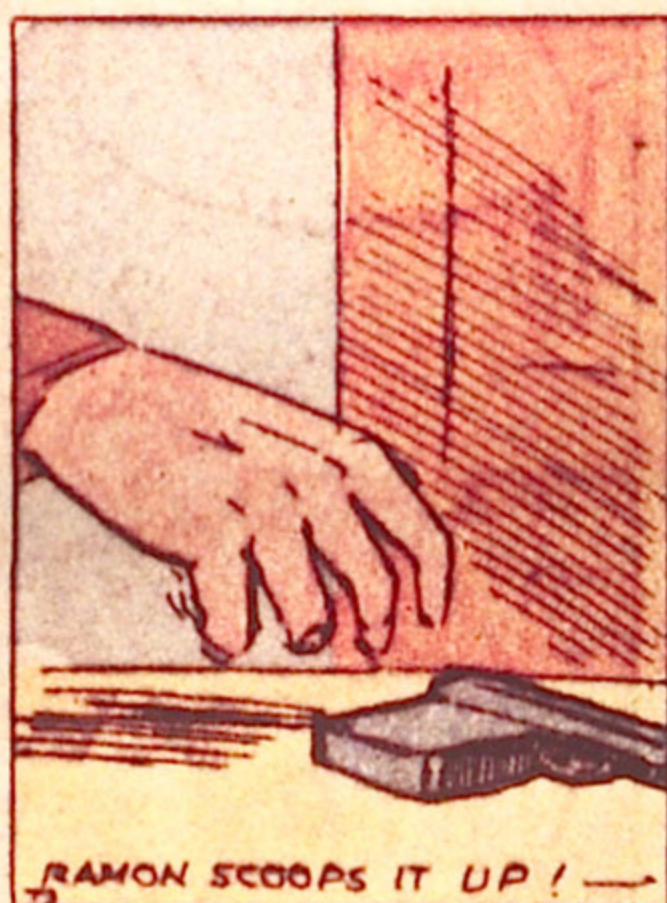
IN RAMON'S APARTMENT --

HEH! HEH! --  
SOON SHORTY WE'LL  
SEENG . . . BUT NOT  
FOR LONG!

— SO YOU  
SAY!

SLAM  
BRADLEY!







BUT HOW  
IS SHORTY  
DOOMED?



HE PROMISED ME HE'D  
SEENG "LA TREVORITA".  
NEAR THE SONG'S END,  
THERE EGGS AN EXCEP-  
TIONALLY LOW NOTE, WHEN  
HE STRIKES IT, THE  
BOMB WEE BE SET OFF  
AN' HE WEE DIE --  
EVEN AS YOU!



79

BUT I'M NOT  
GOING TO DIE!  
— GIVE ME  
THAT GUN!

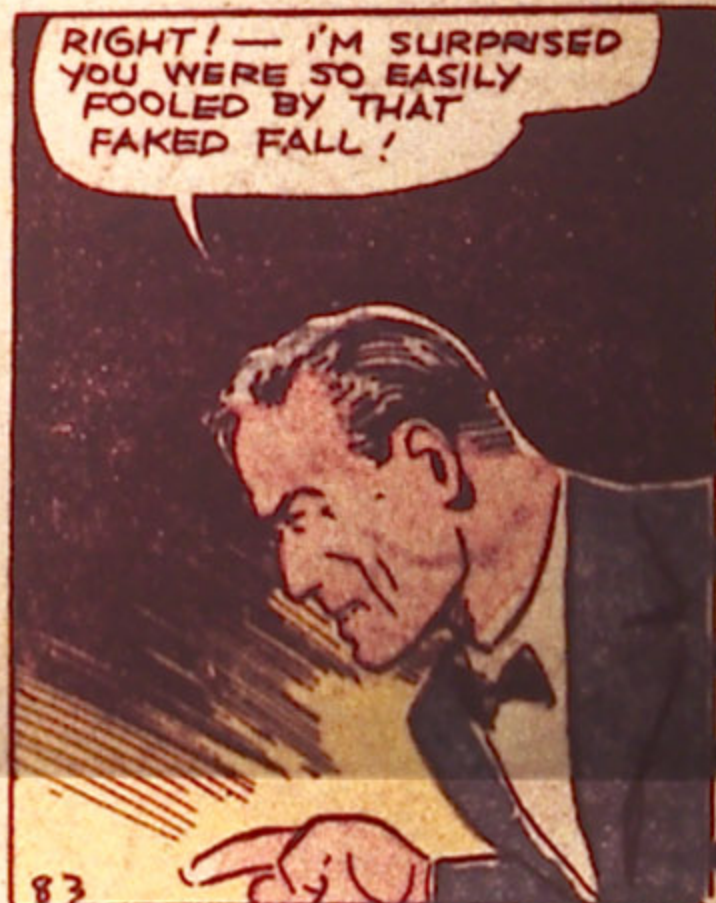
HERE YOU ARE,  
MY FRIEN':  
A BELLYFULL OF  
LEAD!



EMPTY!



RIGHT! — I'M SURPRISED  
YOU WERE SO EASILY  
FOOLED BY THAT  
FAKED FALL!



83

FAKED!

YES! I PURPOSELY LET YOU  
GRAB MY EMPTY REVOLVER  
SO THAT YOU'D THINK YOU  
WERE MASTER OF THE SIT-  
UATION AND BLAB ALL  
YOU KNOW!



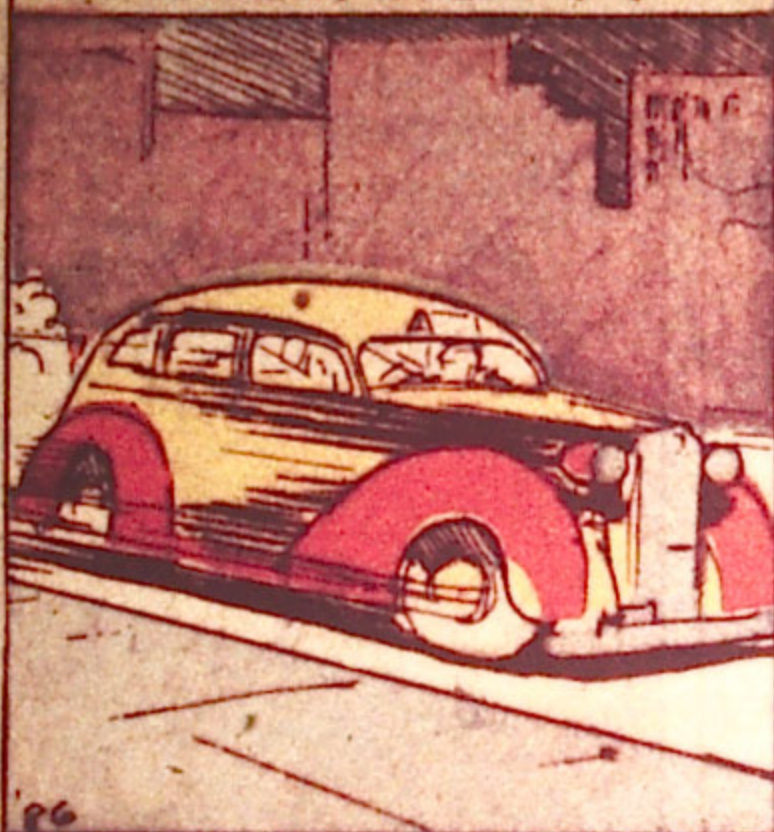
THEES EES AN'  
OUTRAGE! I, RAMON  
GONZALES, HAVE  
BEEN TRICKED!

BROTHER, YOUR  
MISERY HAS  
ONLY BEGUN!





A TAXI RUSHES TOWARD WFPW  
AT BREAKNECK SPEED . . .



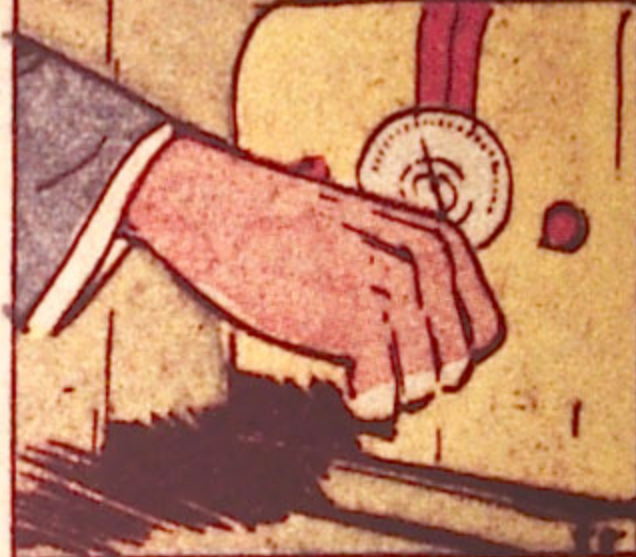
86

GOOD LORD!  
9-30. I DIDN'T  
REALIZE IT  
WAS SO LATE!

THE VARIETY  
PROGRAM HAS  
ALREADY  
STARTED!



REACHING DOWN, SLAM  
TURNS ON THE TAXI'S  
RADIO — —



AT THE STATION--

AND NOW WE'RE TO  
HEAR FROM THAT  
SENSATIONAL NEW  
SINGING STAR, SHORTY  
MORGAN, WHO WILL  
SING: "LA TREVORITA"



SHORTY COMMENCES  
TO SING, UNAWARE HIS  
VOICE IS LEADING HIM  
TOWARD A VIOLENT DEATH!



90

YOU'LL NEVER REACH HIM  
IN TIME! SOON HE'LL  
REACH THE NOTE THAT  
WILL SET OFF THE BOMB!  
AND THEN . . .

IF HE DIES  
YOU'LL NEVER  
LIVE TO BOAST  
OF IT!



91

WILL HE ARRIVE IN TIME  
TO SAVE SHORTY?



92

THE RADIO  
STATION  
IS  
FINALLY  
REACHED!  
SLAM  
DASHES IN  
AT TOP  
SPEED!

AS HE REACHES THE STUDIO'S  
DOORS, SLAM'S IS GREETED  
BY AN EXPLOSION!





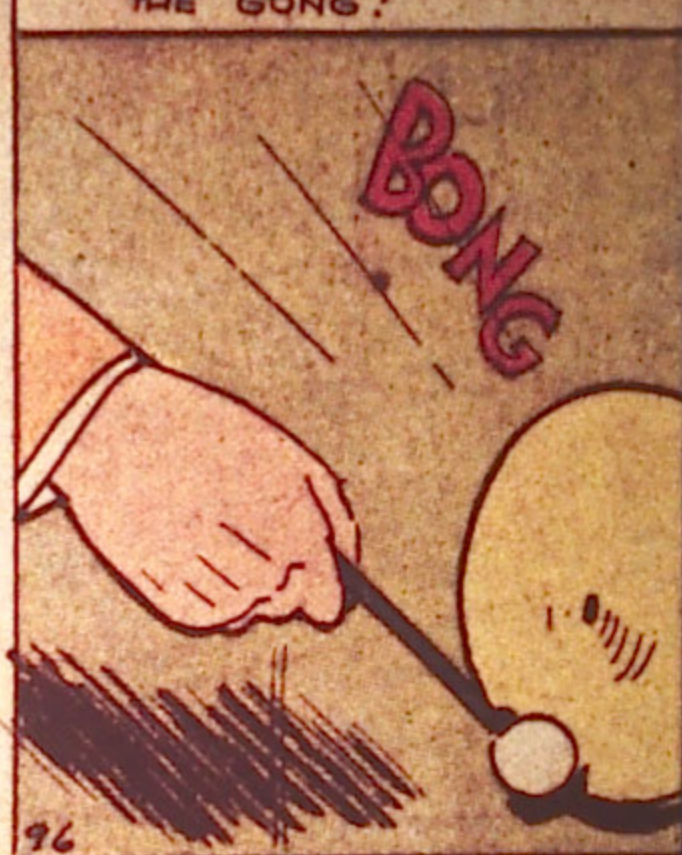
BUT THE EXPLOSION SLAM  
HEARS, IS ONE OF LAUGHTER!  
FOR --



-- SHORTY HAD FAILED TO  
REACH THE LOW NOTE!



AND TO TOP SHORTY'S  
HUMILIATION, HE GETS  
THE GONG!



SHORTY! THANK  
HEAVENS YOU DIDN'T  
REACH THAT NOTE!  
IF YOU HAD THE  
BOMB WOULD HAVE  
EXPLODED!

YEAH...  
BUT NOW  
MY RADIO  
CAREER IS  
EXPLODED!



OFFICER, ARREST THIS  
MAN FOR THE RADIO  
MURDERS!

WITH PLEASURE!



HERE'S A \$5000  
CHECK. NOW TELL  
ME. HOW CAN  
I THANK YOU?

TELL HIM,  
SHORTY!

BY NOT  
STOPPING  
PAYMENT ON  
THE CHECK!



PREVIEW OF NEXT ISSUE:

# SLAM BRADLEY

in the

## STRATOSPHERE

A MAD SCIENTIST -- A MADDER SHORTY --  
A BEWILDERED SLAM -- A RUNAWAY  
ROCKET-SHIP -- TOSS ALL THESE ELEMENTS  
TOGETHER AND YOU HAVE A ROUGH IDEA  
OF THE HILARIOUS DRAMA THAT AWAITS  
YOU NEXT MONTH!

**DON'T MISS IT!**



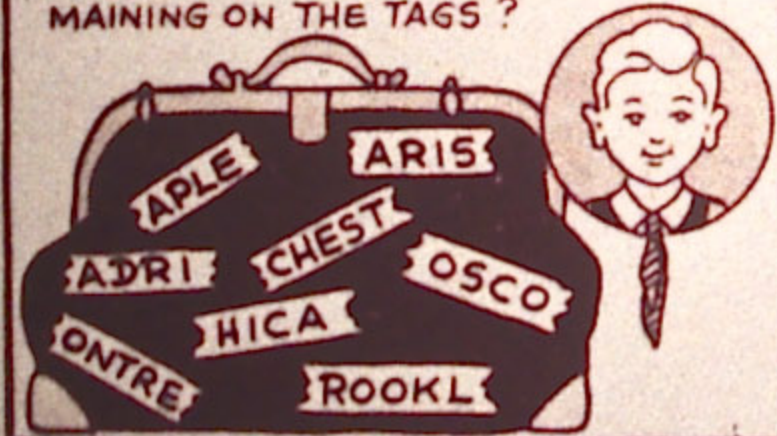


# DETECTIVE PUZZLES

BY A.W. NUGENT

**O**UR PUZZLERS ARE INVITED TO COMPARE THEIR CLEVERNESS WITH THAT OF DICK SHARP THE G-BOY AND SEE IF THEY CAN BE EQUALLY CLEVER IN LEARNING THE NAMES OF EIGHT LARGE CITIES IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THE WORLD WHERE TWO CRIMINALS WERE OPERATING.

PORTIONS OF THE LABELS BEARING PARTS OF THE NAMES OF THE CITIES WERE TORN OFF THE BAG... CAN YOU DETECT THE NAMES BY ADDING THE MISSING LETTERS TO THOSE REMAINING ON THE TAGS?



**M**R. BULL THE SILLY DOG DETECTIVE CAN'T FIND A HIDDEN DOG IN THIS PICTURE. WE CAN SEE ITS ENTIRE BODY VERY PLAINLY... SEE IF YOU CAN LOCATE IT.

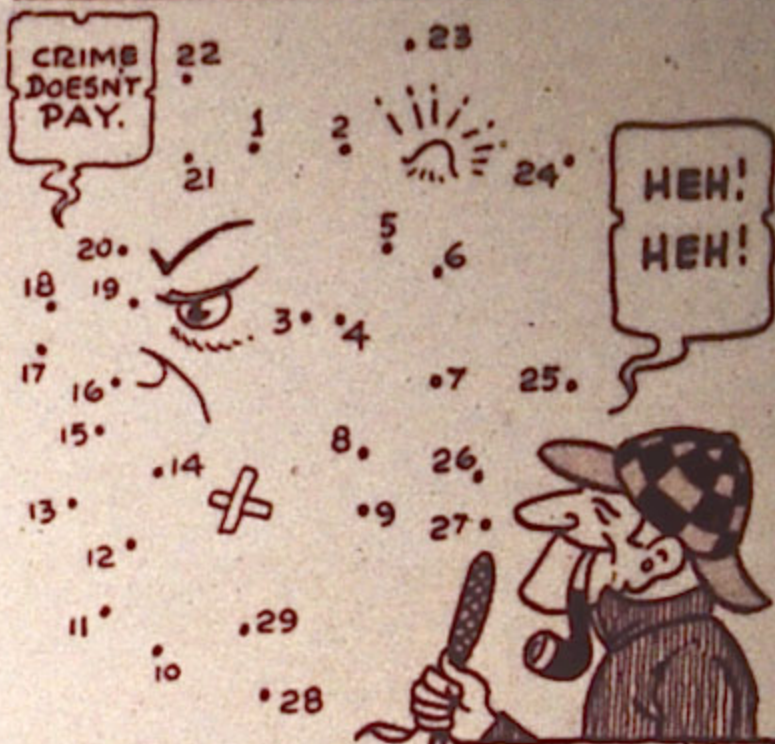
A.W. NUGENT

**T**URN THESE FOUR DETECTIVES UPSIDE DOWN TO SEE THE FOUR CROOKS THEY JUST CAPTURED



**F**RANK SAW THAT ARAB RACE. LET TOM CARRY IT OVER IN GEORGE'S HOUSE TO-NIGHT. MAG LOVES CABBAGE ESPECIALLY THE KIND SHE SAW AT CHARLIE'S. WE BEG OLD PEOPLE NOT TO INVEST. SHE TIED IT AROUND HER NECK. LACE YOUR SHOES TIGHT. I RENT BY THE WEEK ONLY.

**D**ICK SHARP THE G-BOY FOUND THE ABOVE CODE-NOTE IN A GANG LEADER'S POCKET. HIDDEN IN THE SENTENCES BY READING THE LETTERS IN ROTATION FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, HE DISCOVERED THE NAMES OF THIRTEEN STOLEN ARTICLES. SEE IF YOU CAN UNCOVER THE NAMES OF THE STOLEN OBJECTS. HE UNDERLINED "HAT" TO GIVE YOU A START.



**D**ICK SHAW WAS FORCED TO TAP A BURGLAR ON THE HEAD WITH A BLACK-JACK IN ORDER TO CAPTURE HIM. NOW THE PRISONER SEES DOTS IN FRONT OF HIS EYES. CONNECT THEM IN THEIR ORDER TO DRAW HIS PICTURE.

**? CAN YOU DECIPHER THESE ANAGRAMS FOR DICK SHAW? HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BE A DETECTIVE. REARRANGE EACH GROUP OF LETTERS, OPPOSITE THE QUESTIONS SHOWN HERE TO FORM THE NECESSARY SINGLE WORDS TO ANSWER EACH QUESTION WHICH WILL CONCLUSIVELY CLEAR UP THE MYSTERY.**



WHAT IS THE KILLER'S NAME? → LCASEHR HYPUMR

HOW WAS THE WOMAN MURDERED? → EOIPDNSO

WHAT WAS THE MOTIVE? → ULEJAOYS

IN WHAT CITY IS HE HIDING? → FOBAFUL





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